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ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: "YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent actions against club committee men, and the dictum of a judge addressed to tradesmen respecting the danger of giving credit to clubs, have drawn public attention to those social institutions. A generation ago it was rather a distinction for a person of moderate means—and especially if he lived in the country—to belong to a London club. Now there is none so poor (within limits) but some hall-porter or another (towards Christmas time) does him reverence. You may call a club a club, of course, in a contrary sense to that in which you call a spade a spade, for some of them are rather poverty-stricken; but there are also a great many which, so far as mirrors and gilding go, are quite splendid establishments. They are as easy to get into as a hansom, but in some cases not quite so easy to get out of, especially if you have an ambition to be on the "governing body." When the butcher and the baker and the wine merchant get importunate you may find that such greatness has its responsibilities as well as its privileges. There is a story told of a young gentleman from the country who asked a friend one morning to dine with him at his hotel, but when he got there invited him to his club instead. "But you told me only this morning you did not belong to a club?" "True, but this afternoon I was elected to one." "But who proposed you?" "It seems quick work." "It was quick work. I walked in and saw the secretary. 'Six guineas entrance, four guineas subscription,' he said, and I paid the money." "And was that all?" "No; as I was walking away, he called out, 'Perhaps, as a matter of form, you had better leave your name and address.'" It is very convenient, only this class of secretary is given to "default," and the members have to subscribe "whips" and things to supply the deficiency.

The queerest club with which I was ever acquainted was "The Turnovers." It was not an acrobatic establishment, though I daresay there are clubs of that kind by this time, but took its title from one of its own by-laws, by which it was enacted that at the end of every year all the members should be balloted for afresh. "It was thought that this would weed it of any disagreeable persons who might have got in, and make it select—which, indeed, to start with, it was not. The ideas of its projectors were really magnificent. It made the Emperor of the French, at that time an exile in this country, one of its honorary members. When he died I remember telegrams of condolence being sent to the imperial family by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Italy, our gracious Queen, and (most unexpectedly) the Turnovers' Club. Its system of starting afresh annually did not work satisfactorily, for on the last day of the first year every soul in the club was blackballed. It was, indeed, a dangerous experiment, and if it were repeated to-day in any club in London there would probably be plenty of room, and very little company, in it to-morrow.

There have been many regrets expressed that Neill was respited, but none at all that he was hanged, which shows some reawakening of the public intelligence. In the case of so gigantic a criminal the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment have kept a discreet silence. There was absolutely nothing to be urged in favour of keeping such a monster alive except a theory. The complaints about the respite were founded on two opposite grounds: one that it gave the wretch a longer lease of life, which he did not deserve, and the other that it added to his misery by prolonging it. The idea of his having been mad in America being an excuse for murders which he committed while clearly sane in England was one that found favour with nobody but the mad-doctors. But there is always danger in delays in cases where there is no doubt of a criminal's guilt. The sympathies of the public are often transferred by them from his victims, who should be the recipients of it, to himself. They are dead and gone—spilt milk it is no use to cry over—and this interesting creature still remains to us. It is very doubtful whether the new fashion of putting off the execution of heinous offenders to a comparatively distant date is not a mistake. The reason is supposed to be to give the criminal time to repent, that he is more likely to do this in three weeks than in three days, and that we have no right to "hurry him into eternity," with his crimes upon his head, as he hurried his victims. If he were going before an earthly judge, not able to take everything into consideration and to make allowance for all that is amiss, these arguments would have some force in them; but, as matters stand, they have absolutely none. From the moment of his condemnation, the sayings and doings of the murderer are now the chief topic of many of our newspapers and of the conversation of their readers, and the prorogation of his life is a mere pandering to the literature of crime.

Respite was always uncommon in England, perhaps for the reason above mentioned: it seems, somehow, hard—though the delay is, of course, in his favour—that a condemned man should see a loophole opened and then closed again; but reprieves occurred pretty frequently. Indeed, considering the wholesale executions that took place, and for comparatively slight offences, it would have been to the

credit of our ancestors had there been more of them. Some of them were very dramatic, were obtained at the last moment, and, in the absence of our present means of communication, were carried by mounted messengers, "with loose rein and bloody spur," to the gallows-foot—sometimes too late. They were almost always followed by a commutation of the sentence or a free pardon. In 1787 no less than eighteen malefactors were hanged at the Old Bailey. A woman who was hawking an account of them called them nineteen. A gentleman, jealous doubtless for the humanity of his country, said to her, "Why do you say nineteen, since there were but eighteen hanged?" "Indeed," she replied, "I did not know as you had been reprieved."

The mob—often to their credit—were always on the look-out for a reprieve, especially at the political executions; the later the traitor was executed, the more chance, of course, he had in this respect, and the lower his rank the better; for there was an etiquette of the scaffold as of everything else. When the different grades of the peerage met their fate together, the duke was first beheaded, then the earl, then the baron. The Earl of Kilmarnock (perhaps with a reprieve in his mind) politely offered the precedence to Baron Balmerino, but the sheriff objected, with his "Earls before barons, gentlemen, please." This custom was cast into ridicule (just as that of duelling was by the two fire-eating counter-jumpers) by a dispute on the gallows between persons of much less exalted rank. A highwayman and a chimney-sweep were the *dramatis personae*. "Stand off, fellow, till your betters are served!" exclaimed the former. "Stand off yourself, Mr. Highwayman!" was the reply, "I have as good a right to be here as you have."

People should remember that in making fun of what is intended to be serious they set a bad example. Though they may know where to stop, others may not be so judicious. The writer in the *Critic* who found so many tears, the other day, in "The Wide, Wide World" doubtless thought he was doing no harm; but he has incited another writer to tread on much more sacred ground—namely, Fielding's "Amelia." He pretends to admire her, but, as a lover of even-handed justice, he says: "If you talk of heroines who are always weeping, why not say a word about those who are always fainting?" Amelia, as he points out, is a "champion swooner." She faints when Booth proposes, though, it is true, with sufficient presence of mind to do so in the captain's arms. She faints in the sponging-house, she faints outside it, she faints everywhere. Even when she doesn't absolutely "go off," she turns "as pale as death," "as pale as ashes," "as white as snow," or becomes "all pale and breathless" no less than thirteen times. The only time she does not faint is "when the wicked lord in Vauxhall Gardens swears he will have a kiss. Then she bears up bravely." This sarcastic writer points out that, though she is described as the most temperate of women, "never exceeding three glasses on any occasion," she is not easily revived by water, but always, on these occasions, takes something in it. Once she has only strength enough (but again some presence of mind) "to tap the bottle she had hitherto reserved entirely for her husband, and drink off a large bumper." To follow this cynic further in his investigations into this admirable woman's weakness (of constitution) would be painful: he says that the remedies employed prove that the author of "Amelia" could be no woman, for nobody ever "cuts her stays"; the omission, however, he admits, may have been caused by Fielding's well-known delicacy as to detail. Let us hope these minute studies of the heroines of fiction will not be continued. It does not, after all, much matter, perhaps, how the creations of deceased authors are turned into ridicule, but it would be shocking indeed if those of living novelists should come to be treated in this fashion.

The last of the Dundee whalers, absent since March last, has returned without one whale. This creature, once so famous for its "playing," seems to be "played out." The old Arctic fishing grounds have become well-nigh barren. This failure of a whole industry, itself a serious matter, almost suggests what may be the possible end of all industries when "the world," or its population, becomes "more and more." It is almost incredible that the inhabitants of so large a waste of ocean should have been thus cleared out by the efforts of man; but it is so. It is not only that their numbers have been diminished, but that the survivors have fled in fear. No matter how thick-headed they may be, all living creatures (except "boobies," which are still caught by hand) grow to be aware of their danger. Whales are not the sort of prey that can easily elude observation, and it is supposed that they have "withdrawn themselves into remote waters, behind impenetrable walls of ice." If physiognomy is to be trusted, and a wide mouth and little eyes show a want of intelligence, whales are dull of perception; but they have at last taken alarm, and are no longer to be captured except by a fluke. There may be still a future in whale-fishing open to the submarine navigators to the Pole, foreshadowed by Dr. Nansen, but the occupation of the ordinary whaler is gone. It is already suggested that the whales should be given "some years of repose," when a new generation will have grown up to which a harpoon will be "as a tale that is told"; but the same thing has been tried with oysters, and they are still

withdrawn from us behind the "impenetrable wall" of cost—three shillings a dozen.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* ably discusses the decay of Christmas literature, which has become "merely decorative, and is brought out annually, like the well-used hangings, wreaths, and evergreen mottoes." He thinks "the lumber should be cleared away and a fresh start made." There is a good deal to be said for this view of the matter. Dickens gave up his admirable Christmas Numbers because he thought people had had enough of them, and withdrew from their manufacture while they were still popular and showed no trace of failure. Still, we would be sorry to see Christmas literature altogether abolished. The result of it, under Dickens's management, was an immense increase of charitable impulse, and even now it tends in that direction. Moreover, it seems not altogether undesirable that for a few days in the year at least we should allow our critical faculties, which are nowadays so abnormally active, a little rest. However glad one may be that Christmas family gatherings are gone out, there is no harm in reading about them, and, indeed, some self-congratulation in the thought that it is only fiction. The fine crusted old ghost story, and even the mistletoe "business," seems appropriate to that glorious time of

Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much everything but thinking,
which
Looks askance at *Quantum suff.*
And tramples upon base Enough.

The pictures, too, though their themes may be ancient, are "as fresh as paint," or as paint can make them, and for my part I like even their smell of size (or whatever it is). No; let the cultured be virtuous as at all times, but let the rest of us at Christmastide have our cakes and ale.

It is generally supposed that the attributing to other persons the works of Shakspeare is quite a new departure in literary criticism; but a work on Ossian's poems published by a member of the Celtic Society of 1858 incidentally advocates a theory of the same description. The following extract (which is all I have seen of the book) seems to point to some already established belief in the matter, and is certainly not wanting in confidence and vigour: "Scotsmen should never forget that the concocting, the sending, and the paying of that base man, Dr. Samuel Johnstone (*sic*), was just what might be expected from the nation of liars called 'English'; the people who have the audacity to claim for a fictitious character, named by them Shakspeare, that never had a being, the work of Archibald Armstrong, who accompanied James VI. to London, and who by his wit tormented the Court so much that he had to leave it for a garret, where he composed a great deal of what English impostors are now claiming for a man who never lived." This writer goes on to say that "all signatures of Shakspeare forged by English impostors have been completely detected by Scotsmen," and, in short, leaves Mr. Archibald Armstrong in possession of the field. "Still, many additions have been made to these works, and the most recent by the late Henry Dundas (Lord Melville)." The member of the Celtic Society seems to have had more humour (of the unconscious sort) in him than good-humour; but one feels really indebted to him for the idea—so "scornful of time and space" and previous publication—of Lord Melville having possibly written (for example) "King Lear." It may be worth Mr. Irving's while to reconsider, from the point of view of a Scotch author, his conception of that character, which is at present certainly the reverse of "canny."

"Dark: a Tale of the Down Country," is a remarkable novel. It deals with an incident that is only too common, and in less delicate hands is always unpleasant, but with admirable skill and in a manner to offend no one save those who shrink from looking at all facts in the face. It describes our Berkshire peasantry to the life without either exaggeration or extenuation; we breathe the very air of the Downs, while at the same time we are made aware that the moral atmosphere is far from what it ought to be. The heroine is not at all a heroine, but interests us far more than if she were; the hero is a very ordinary hero indeed, and combines the part of villain without being so very villainous after all. The characters, indeed, are all of flesh and blood, and, without doubt, drawn from life. The rector's troubles with his son are exceedingly affecting, but they are very real; have occurred yesterday and to-day, and will occur to-morrow. But the most interesting characters in this village drama are the peasants, who will bear comparison with the best creations of rustic fiction. Jim Simmons, indeed, is a figure a head and shoulders higher than most of them; nor will Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Vockins be easily forgotten; while the description of the village "veast" has all the accuracy of a Dutch picture. The story seems less a novel than a leaf (dog-eared, alas!) out of the book of Nature, and, though its conclusion is an unexpected one, that is nature too. "A novel by a new author" is an advertisement to which most of us are by this time too much accustomed to excite great expectations, but those who still retain them will not be disappointed in "Dark."

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN BUTCHER.

Somewhere in the forties I visited one of the stock sights of London, Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square. The country cousins of that day and generation were as regularly taken to see Burford's Panorama as they were to Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. There were three circles, each representing some place of historic renown, and I think the charge was a shilling for each. The only panorama I ever saw was, curiously enough, one of Cairo. The view was the superb one from the Citadel, and if any reader is curious enough to turn over the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, he will see an accurate woodcut of the Panorama. Since that time I have often looked down over the real Cairo, but never without recalling my boyish wonder at the picture in Leicester Square which first gave me an idea of the city of Saladin and Mohammed Ali. I put these two names together, for they have done more than any two men to make Cairo and the two buildings, the Mosque and Citadel, form that superb cluster of domes and battlements which dominate the city and are its most stately features.

The Citadel was first built on the slope of the Mokattam Hills in 1166, with stones taken from the small pyramids of Gizeh. It is not easy to say how many relics of Pharaonic rule were destroyed in order to construct the huge fortress. It contains three spacious quadrangles, and covers an immense area. Its most magnificent halls, rich with gold and painting, the work of Greek artists, have, since the British occupation, been used as a military hospital. It is curious to see the vast rooms where the Sultans of Egypt reigned, and which have witnessed such strange and terrible scenes, occupied now by long lines of narrow iron bedsteads, whereon poor Tommy Atkins lies tossing with fever or prostrated with dysentery.

The great tragedy oftenest recalled in this spot, however, took place on March 1, 1811, when the central hall, now the central ward of the hospital, witnessed Mohammed Ali's welcome to the Mameluke Beys before the massacre. The story of that savage *coup d'état* has often been told. The founder of the second Macedonian dynasty that has reigned in Egypt saw that it was impossible to civilise the country or to carry out anything like the programme he had set himself without removing the feudal chieftains who had got hold of the land. Mohammed Ali had to do in Egypt what was done in Japan in our own times, when the Daimios, with their wild retainers, were destroyed, partly by policy and partly by the sword, and a constitutional Government, under the Mikado, was established. Mohammed Ali acted on Richelieu's plan—

First employ all methods to conciliate,
Failing these—all means to crush.

Overtures of friendship had failed, and the 470 Beys, with their followers, were invited to the Palace under pretence of celebrating a festival. They came on their richly caparisoned steeds, in their damascened armour and robes of state. After their reception a procession was formed, and at a given signal they were all shot down by concealed riflemen. The court through which we pass to-day, as we drive up to see the sunset view from the parapet at the south-west end of the mosque, rang with the cries of the wounded chieftains, as they fought and struggled to escape from the enclosure and beat in vain against the iron-bound door to find any way to avoid the steady, merciless fusillade that poured from every embrasure and battlement. One of the doomed chiefs, by name Aryn Bey, escaped—not, however, by taking a miraculous leap, as the dragomans tell the tourists of Cook. He really arrived a little late at the scene of the gathering, found the great door shut, and heard firing. Naturally suspecting treachery, he turned his horse's head and galloped off. He found refuge in Syria until the tyranny was overpast, when he returned to Cairo, where he was well known, and where he must often have visited the so-called scene of the Mameluke's Leap—which was never taken. Still, the memory of the tragedy survives in weird legends.

Soon after this bold stroke had fixed Mohammed Ali firmly in his seat, he began to build the superb mosque which bears his name. It has dominated and eclipsed the ancient mosque of Saladin, and though pronounced by critics a monument of bad taste it impresses the visitor from the West with a sense of spaciousness and splendour. What strikes us first is its emptiness. There is the *kiblah* or niche pointing out to the worshipper which way lies Mecca, the tall green and gold pulpit or *mimbar*, and nothing else save a floor spread with large crimson carpets, on which a few kneeling figures are dotted about praying. Only once or twice a year is the building full. It is not a popular or well-frequented place of worship, perhaps because it stands on the top of a hill tedious to climb, and perhaps because the severe sway of the Pasha is too recent, and men regard his memory with fear which time has not yet been able to soften. The favourite mosques are those of Hasanen, the son-in-law of the Prophet, which contains the martyr's head, and Sitteh Zenab, built over the tomb of the granddaughter of the Prophet. The Citadel Mosque is constructed and planned after Turkish models. On entering we look up at the huge dome of green and gold, and marvel at the effect produced by patches of coloured glass of the vulgarest tints, by sham architraves and cornices palpably stencilled, and by huge pillars partly covered with real alabaster slabs and partly by a painted imitation of alabaster.

On the right hand as we enter we see (when our eyes are

accustomed to the darkness) a gilded railing, and looking through the grate we discern a large tomb, with faded palm branches lying on it. Here, hard by the scene of the crime that established his dynasty, rests the body of Mohammed Ali. None of his kindred or descendants are buried near him. Said is buried at Alexandria, Ibrahim and Abbas at Old Cairo in a mausoleum called the Hosh-el-Basha. The latest and best of Egypt's sovereigns, Tewfik, sleeps beside his mother at Afeefee, in the Desert. The grim old founder of the dynasty lies alone beneath his giant dome. The dead bodies of his victims, the Mamelukes, "were thrown pell-mell into pits dug for them" within the precincts of the Citadel.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW CANADIAN PREMIER.

It is a fortunate thing for Canada that the enforced retirement, through ill-health, of Sir John Abbott does not leave her without a strong guiding hand at the head of affairs. Sir John Sparrow David Thompson was, like Sir John Abbott, one of Sir John Macdonald's selections and one of his closest confidants, and when, in June 1891, death removed the statesman to whom Canada owes her federated existence, it was upon the shoulders of the new Premier that a large share of the inner shaping of Canadian policy fell. It was, indeed, to him that the Governor-General first looked to take up the mantle of Sir John Macdonald, and though he declined, it

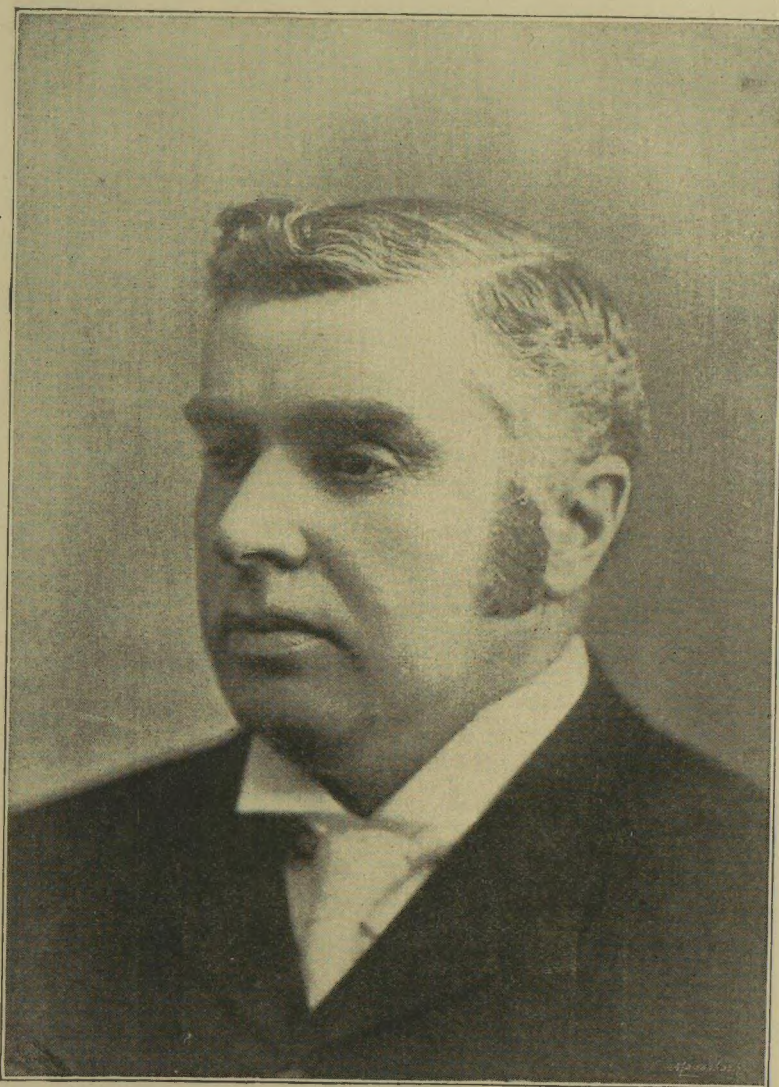


Photo by S. J. Jarvis, Ottawa.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA.

was only because he saw that the unhappy religious agitations of the moment would best be calmed by the selection of Sir John Abbott. Events have proved the wisdom and patriotism of that step. Like both his predecessors in the Premiership, Sir John Thompson is an astute lawyer. His father, Mr. John Thompson, of Waterford, Ireland, trained him for the Nova Scotian Bar, and he took silk before he was thirty-five years of age. His legal fame was such that when the United States Government came to discuss terms under the Washington Treaty Mr. Thompson was chosen as one of their counsel. His entry into political life followed immediately afterwards, and he was in succession Attorney-General and Premier of Nova Scotia, and then Judge of the Supreme Court. But he had a yet larger part to play in Canadian life, and when, in 1885, Sir John Macdonald found himself without a Minister of Justice, he invited Mr. Justice Thompson into the arena of Dominion politics, and the first speech the member for Antigonish made in the House of Commons at Ottawa was as Minister of Justice and Attorney-General of all Canada. This position he has held for seven years without a break, and his legal acumen and keen insight into public affairs have made him pre-eminent among his colleagues and have brought him the respect and esteem of political friends and foes. To name the Canadian measures of recent years which he has planned and piloted through Parliament would almost be to reproduce the headlines of the Statute Book. His sound judgment and ready preception have also been of great use in Anglo-American negotiations. It was for his services to Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues on the Fishery Commission of 1887 that he was given a knighthood, and the Anglo-Canadian copyright controversy has shown how determined an upholder he is of Canadian rights. To say that the new Premier is a follower of Sir John Macdonald and Sir

John Abbott is to say that he is a firm believer in the British connection, that he would gladly put that connection on a more solid basis, and that he will spare no effort to build up a sturdy British community in North America. He has youth and abundant mental and physical vigour on his side, for he is still two years short of fifty.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT THE ALBERT HALL.

The festival day of the Scottish patron saint is not celebrated north of the Tweed with more liberal musical honours than are accorded it in the Metropolis. For some years it has been a growing custom among the "London Scottish"—not the Volunteers in particular, but all who live in London and claim by birth or descent connection with the "Land o' Cakes"—to keep up the anniversary of St. Andrew by attending one of the concerts now regularly given on the night or eve of Nov. 30, just as is done on the hardly less important anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. The popularity of the entertainments that are provided to meet this demand sufficiently bespeaks their excellence, while their appropriateness may equally "go without saying," since that is their very *raison d'être*. A familiar trysting-place, and a favourite one, on St. Andrew's Day, is the Royal Albert Hall, where Mr. William Carter has for many years commemorated this occasion by one of his National Festival Concerts. It is a genuine "gathering of the clans."

The vast amphitheatre, crowded as far as eye can reach, may be accommodating eight, nine, or even ten thousand people within its Colosseum-shaped walls. Yet so intently does this big assemblage listen, so perfect is the silence, that the proverbial pin may be heard to drop while the singer gives forth with clear rich tone the melody of "John Anderson, my jo," or some other traditional tune dear to Scottish ears and Scottish hearts. Then the enthusiasm! That, too, is characteristic of the nation and the night; and it reaches its highest pitch, perhaps, when the pipers of the Scots Fusiliers, in all the glory of their Highland costume, march through the hall to the exciting refrain of "The Campbells are Coming." Altogether, the function is a pleasant and an admirable one, and it affords yet another striking demonstration of the power of music to keep national sentiment alive and warm.

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

Mr. Forestier's picture of the tent scene in "King Lear" at the Lyceum is a welcome opportunity to say another word of Mr. Irving's highest achievement as a delineator of Shakspeare. It is said of Macready that his Lear was a growth, and that, although the earliest performance filled him with discontent, he gradually built up the character till it became one of his finest impersonations. The same process is being illustrated by Mr. Irving. At first we saw a masterly sketch of a great conception, weakened in detail here and there by imperfect execution. The drawback to the first performance was that the attempt to reconcile extreme senility with vehement passion produced an indistinctness which marred some of the best effects. That error has been rectified, and by taking some years from Lear's age Mr. Irving has obtained a welcome access of vigour and a surer grip of the stormiest phases of the character. It must happen to a great artist that many of the ideas which deserted him in the agitation of his first attack on a tremendous part return to their allegiance as he becomes more confident of his position and resources. Mr. Irving's Lear is now strengthened and graced by an infinity of happy touches, making more luminous the approaches of that decay which is the devastation of an imperious intellect. In the passages of pure pathos this Lear has probably never been excelled. The scenes with the Fool—and be it remembered that Macready was guilty of the unpardonable crime of cutting the Fool out of the tragedy—Mr. Irving plays with a simple sincerity which makes their poignant irony almost unbearable. But it is in the recognition of Cordelia that, to our thinking, the tragedian touches his highest point. Here Miss Terry's exquisite tenderness finds its counterpart in the intense emotion of the old king's struggle to rally his faculties, till suddenly through the gloom of insanity pierces the ray from the father's heart. It is a moment which leaves indelible on the mind a picture of terrible suffering and shattered pride redeemed and transfigured by the noblest feeling.

THE WRECK OF THE BOKHARA.

The disastrous wreck, on Oct. 10, in the China Sea, near Formosa Island, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship Bokhara, on her voyage from Shanghai to Hong-Kong, has not yet passed from remembrance. The European survivors were seven in number—two passengers, Dr. Lowson and Lieutenant Markham, and five of the ship's officers. Both the gentlemen named belonged to a party of Englishmen who had been playing a cricket-match at Shanghai and were going to play a return match at Hong-Kong; all the other members of both teams lost their lives. A melancholy interest belongs to the portraits which appear in the photograph sent us by Mr. H. Phillips, of the Shanghai Club, with the names attached to them. The Marine Court of Inquiry at Hong-Kong has decided that the commander of the ship, Captain Sams, erred in not adopting some means of checking her drift and keeping her head to sea when her engines were disabled.

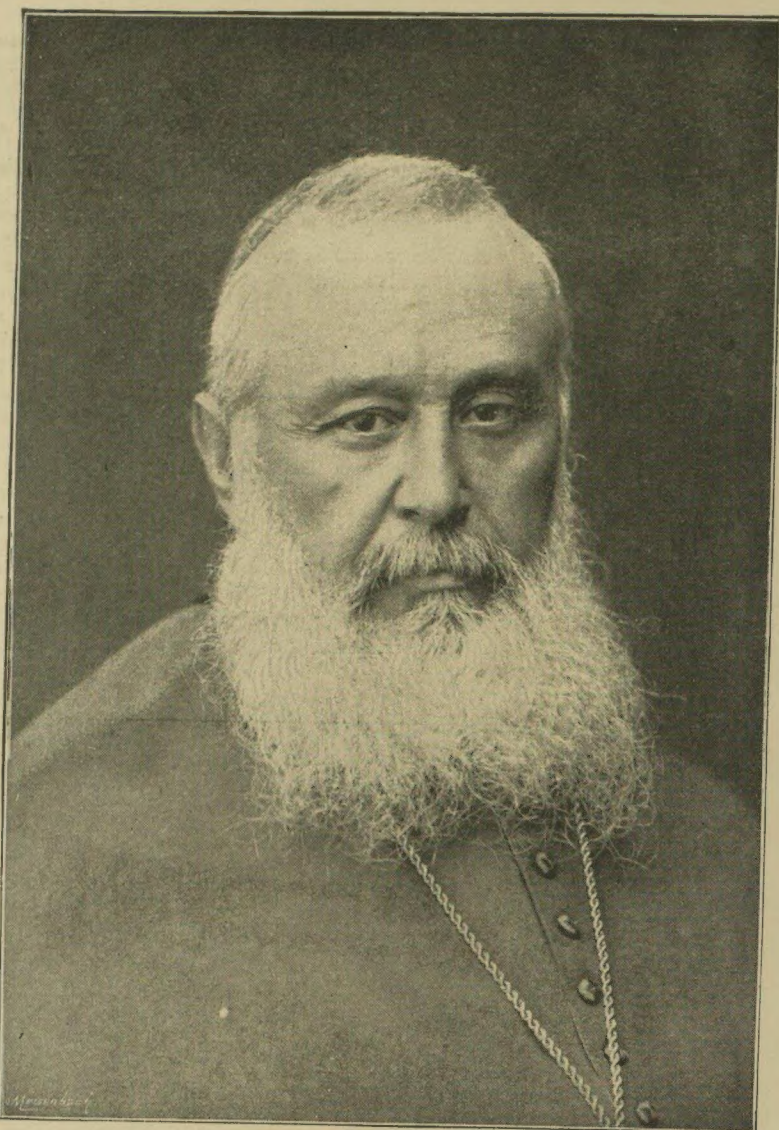
THE LATE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

By the death of Cardinal Lavigerie, on Saturday, Nov. 26, France has lost one of its most notable figures and the Roman Catholic Church one of its most popular prelates. Charles Allemand Lavigerie was born in 1825 at Bayonne, where his father was a Custom House officer. During his school life he showed great promise, and was sent to St. Sulpice, Paris. After taking his doctor's degree, he became Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne. A massacre of Christians in Syria led to his being sent on a mission there, and he conceived the idea of establishing a Christian school as the best form of propaganda in Mussulman countries. He subsequently filled various honorary offices in the Pontifical Household, and in 1863 was appointed Bishop of Nancy.

But his thoughts (says a writer in the *Times*) were already turned to Africa, and in 1867 he became Archbishop of Algiers. There his missionary spirit was displeasing to the Governor, Marshal MacMahon, who feared that the Arabs would resent the cessation of a religious peace. The Mohammedan, moreover, being one of the State Churches in Algeria, the Marshal thought it ought to be protected from proselytism. In 1870 Lavigerie warmly supported Papal Infallibility. In 1871 he was twice a candidate for the National Assembly, first in his native Pyrenees, and next in the Landes, but was defeated. In 1874 he founded the Sahara and Soudan mission, and he sent missionaries to Tunis, Tripoli, East Africa, and the Congo. When Tunis fell under French rule, the bishopric of Carthage was revived, and he established at Tunis a college where 500 young men, Catholics, Greeks, Protestants, Jews, and Mussulmans, are educated. In 1882 he was made a Cardinal. In 1890 he visited Rome, and the Pope arranged with him for an attempt at reconciling the Church with the Republic in order to Christianise the latter.

His death (says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) is deplored not only by the clerical, but by what may be called the Freethought papers. The Cardinal had been long deprived of the organ of speech by paralysis, and had to be nourished artificially, but he was able to write, and preserved his mental faculties up to the day of his death, which was to all appearance a painless one. His last wish was that his remains might be laid out first in the chapel of his estate of Notre Dame de l'Afrique, and then at the Cathedral of Algiers.

Lavigerie was undoubtedly a man of singular vigour and attraction of character—eloquent, impulsive, a thorough



From a Photo by E. Vallois, Paris.

THE LATE CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Frenchman, and with something of the Chauvinist in his composition. In Tunis he carried on a vigorous anti-Italian crusade, and his ambition, which was legitimate enough, may at times have stretched as far as the Pontificate, which he would have filled with great power and,

so to speak, *entrain*. In politics he had boxed the compass a good deal, and came out finally as a supporter of the Pope's policy of being reconciled to the Republic. He was a man of fine presence, and of eloquent and impressive speech, indifferent to hardships and dangers, and full of a certain spirit of adventure which one has ceased to associate with the princes of the Roman Church. But he never succeeded fully in anything he undertook. His political, philanthropic, and national schemes, especially those for the redemption of the Sahara from slavery, all, more or less, broke down. He was an interesting figure, with something of the bluff charm which his old career as a soldier gave him, and the impulse he imparted to French Catholicism is not likely to be altogether lost. He will be buried in the marble sarcophagus erected at the highest points of the ruins of old Carthage.

NEW COLOURS
FOR THE ROYAL IRISH.

The camp at the Curragh, on Nov. 14, was the scene of an interesting military ceremony, being visited for this purpose by Lord and Lady Wolseley. The 1st Battalion of the 18th (Royal Irish) Regiment was presented by her Ladyship with a pair of new colours, to replace those lately destroyed by a fire at Colchester. Lord Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, was attended by his staff, with an escort of the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers. He was received by Major-General Lord R. D. Kerr, commanding the Curragh Division, and staff. After a salute and an inspection of the troops, they formed square around the Royal Irish; the new colours, resting on piled drums, when a prayer had been offered by the Rev. J. C. Edghill, D.D., Chaplain-General, were then delivered by Major Spyer and Major Hatchell to Lady Wolseley, who handed them over, respectively, to the senior subalterns, Lieutenant Castle and Lieutenant Davis, the customary formalities, which have often been described, being performed in the usual manner. Our Illustration, from a sketch by one of the officers, shows Lady Wolseley handing one of the flags to the appointed Lieutenant, who receives it in the attitude of chivalrous homage with bended knee. Lord Wolseley addressed the regiment in a speech full of reminiscences of its gallant services in the Crimea, in the Indian Mutiny, and in Egypt and the Soudan, with which he had been personally associated during the whole of his career. Colonel Edge returned thanks; the troops marched past; and there was a luncheon at the officers' mess.



PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 18TH ROYAL IRISH BY LADY WOLSELEY.



THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY: TOFFA, THE NATIVE KING OF PORTO NOVO.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY M. ABEL TINAYRE.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY.

The French troops commanded by General Dodds in West Africa have completed their victorious operations against the native kingdom of Dahomey by entering its capital, the town of Abomey, on Nov. 17, taking possession of the sites and ruins of the royal palaces, which King Behanzin had burned when he fled northward, accompanied by the princes and chiefs and the small remnant of his defeated army. Behanzin had offered to capitulate, but the French demands were that all his soldiers' firearms and artillery should be surrendered, that hostages should be sent into the French camp, and that a large pecuniary indemnity should be paid by instalments; and, these conditions not being fully conceded, on Nov. 15 hostilities were resumed. General Dodds has now proclaimed the whole territory of Dahomey in French occupation, and his project is to join the coast territories, with Whydah, to the French possessions of Benin. The rest of the kingdom will be cut up into three independent provinces. Allada would be the capital

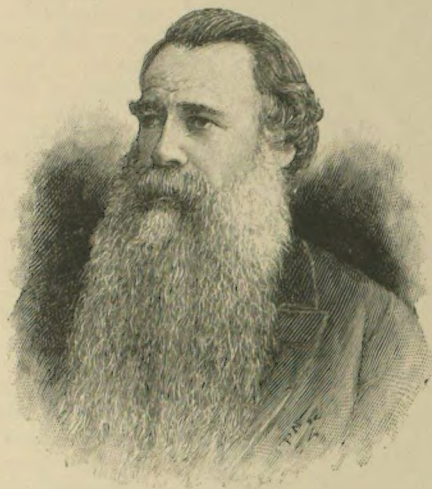
of one, Abomey that of another, and the third division, including the valley of the Ueme, would have as its chief place some village situated near Tohue. The Decam country, now quite submissive, would be replaced under King Toffa's authority. French Residents, deriving their authority from the Governor of Benin, would be sent out to each province. The General says that after a week's rest in Abomey he was to start for the coast by way of Allada and Whydah. At Abomey he was to leave behind him a company of naval infantry and four companies of Senegal sharpshooters, with artillery. It is part of the plan to open a road between Whydah and the old capital as an act of foresight in case of a sudden renewal of hostilities. The blockade of the coasts will be raised when custom-houses shall have been established at Whydah, at Grand Popo, and Kotonou. The country is rich, and it is believed that the duties will be a source of such considerable revenue that before long the colony will be self-supporting like the neighbouring colony of Grand Bassam.

The whole of the coast, including the Lagoon between

Grand Popo and Kotonou, will in any event belong to France, while Whydah will become a French port, and the region of Godomey and Abomey-Calavi, as well as the Denham Lake, will be annexed. The country of Decam, which is now completely in the power of the French, will remain under the domination, this time, it is hoped, effective, of King Toffa, the chief of Porto Novo, who is an ally of France. The portrait of this West African petty monarch was sketched by M. Abel Tinayre, special correspondent of the Paris *Monde Illustré*. Toffa's chief town and residence, on the shore of the Lagoon of Porto Novo, has been fortified and garrisoned by the French military force. Since General Dodds issued his proclamation announcing the downfall of King Behanzin, over 6000 Nagos living in the north of the kingdom have recognised French authority, and it is hoped that the chiefs will not be long in following their example. The health of General Dodds's men is described as satisfactory; The so-called "golden throne" of Dahomey, captured by the French, is to be presented to King Toffa.

PERSONAL.

The editor of *Lloyd's*, Mr. Catling, must be congratulated on his successful issue of a jubilee number on Sunday, Nov. 27.



MR. THOMAS CATLING.

Mr. Catling has contrived to secure a sermon from the Archbishop of Canterbury, a sketch from Mr. Henry Irving, a story from Mr. Sims, some war reminiscences from Mr. Charles Williams, a batch of gossip from the members of the Idlers' Club, some genial talk about the founding of the paper and two of his predecessors—Douglas

and Blanchard Jerrold. In fact, here we have, in all, 120 columns of matter—a bulky volume in itself—for one penny. *Lloyd's*, by-the-way, was started in the old days of the stamp duty, and its price was threepence. It now offers twice the quantity of material for a third of the price. The founder of *Lloyd's*, Mr. Edward Lloyd, has, of course, passed away, and the paper, with the flourishing *Daily Chronicle*, is under the control of Mr. Frank Lloyd and his brothers.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has a charming and finely measured "appreciation" of Tennyson in the new *Contemporary*—on the whole, perhaps, the best critical article that has yet appeared. On the political side Mr. Brooke finds Tennyson a trifle over-aristocratic, a little too inclined to spread-eagleism, a little too fearful of strong popular movements—a little too Whig, in short. In religion he claims that, without strong doctrinal tendencies, the late poet was decidedly Christian, with a special leaning to the essential value of immortality. "Its truth held in it for him the Fatherhood of God, the salvation of man, the brotherhood of man, the worth of human life. If it were not true, Christianity in his eyes was not true."

Mr. Brooke has an interesting criticism of the "doubting" side of Tennyson's poetry. He thinks that when he wrote "In Memoriam" he "had fought his doubts and laid them low." But he was still intensely occupied with the problems suggested by science, with "the mystery of the pains of life." He disliked at once extreme dogmatism and extreme materialism, and occasionally was greatly angered by both moods. In the end, however, thinks Mr. Brooke, "this anger seemed to pass away." His final notes are all happy, unquestioning, triumphant—

The last poem in the book, "Crossing the Bar," is the first clear cry of happy faith—all doubt and trouble past; and it is a quiet faith which persists through the volume which contains his last words to the people of England. "The Making of Man," while it accepts evolution, carries it onward to the perfect accomplishment of all humanity in God—

"Hallelujah to the Maker. It is finished. Man is made."

By-the-way, one of the chattiest of the countless personal reminiscences of Tennyson is supplied by Mr. Alfred Austin in the December number of the *National Review*. Mr. Austin professes to talk of Tennyson's "literary sensitiveness," but his pretty stories have less purpose than he gives to them. Among other things he mentions that the poet was extremely pleased to get some cuttings from flowers in Anne Hathaway's garden. "To-day," says Mr. Austin, "Shakespeare's and Anne Hathaway's lavender is growing at Aldworth." Mr. Austin also relates that the idea of the famous lines in "Locksley Hall"—

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire—

was got out of a "Methodist magazine," where he had been reading an account of how travellers in savage lands keep off wild beasts from their encampment during the night by lighting large fires. This is interesting, but is it worth while to record that Tennyson always pronounced the *a* in clematis short and not long, and objected to the opposite method?

An old and useful public servant who has just retired is Sergeant Grace, who has had charge of the police arrangements at the

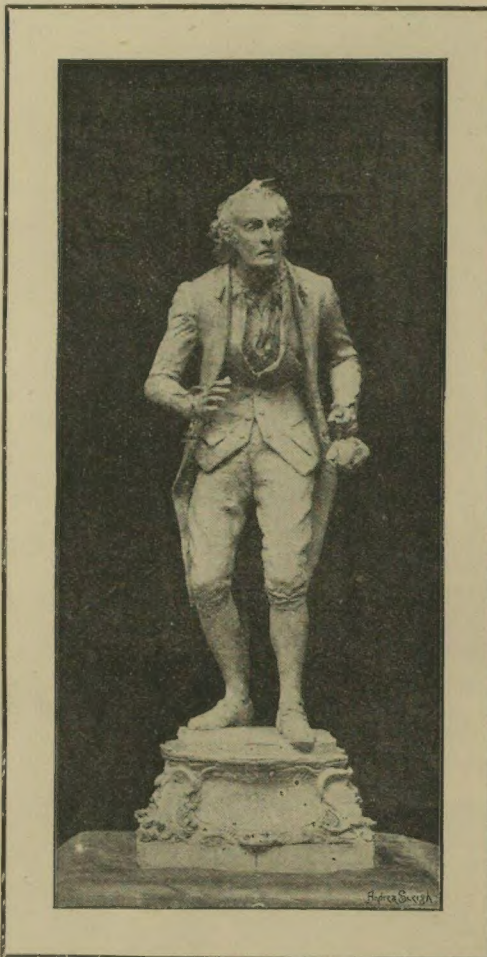


POLICE-SERGEANT GRACE.

Central Criminal Court for the last twenty years. He was not allowed to go without an acknowledgment of his services. A presentation was made to him in the Bar mess-room, the Common Serjeant (Sir Forrest Fulton) taking a leading part in the ceremony. Mr. Grace was given a cheque for fifty guineas and a number of handsome presents. He is an old soldier, and had a long and very honourable career in the Indian Mutiny, where he was successively under the command of Rose, Havelock, and Outram, rounding off his service by helping to recapture the town and fortress of Gwalior. In 1860 he left the Army and entered the prison service, going to the City Police in 1864. In 1873 he was made Instructor to the force, but his chief duties have been the superintendence of the police service at the Old Bailey Courts. Here he has been an almost historic figure, who will be greatly missed.

The death has been announced of W. Mattieu Williams, who was a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical and the Chemical Societies. Mr. Williams has been long known as a writer and lecturer in the cause of science and education. He was the author of a number of books principally of a scientific character, such as "The Fuel of the Sun," "Science in Short Chapters," "The Chemistry of Cookery." His book "Through Norway with a Knapsack" was one of the first books on travel in that country, and as a guide-book it made people acquainted for the first time with the attractions of Norway as a place of summer resort. About forty years ago he was one of the leading spirits in the foundation of the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Irving's company at the Lyceum to solicit the aid of Mr. Onslow Ford to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of "The Bells." The sculptor threw himself into the scheme with enthusiasm, not at all deterred by the difficulty of modelling a statuette of Mr. Irving in the character of Mathias without a sitting. Secrecy was indispensable to the little surprise which Mr. Irving's comrades had in store for him, and which gave him the keenest pleasure. It was indeed a notable coming of age which was celebrated in this felicitous way. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Irving appeared in "The Bells" for several nights at the opening of his season, and the Lyceum was as densely thronged as if the play had been an absolute novelty. Twenty-one years have not staled the fascination of a performance which holds a unique place in Mr. Irving's repertory. Since that memorable 25th of November, 1871, when London playgoers became alive to a new tragic force, Mr. Irving has achieved greater triumphs than his haunted Alsatian burgomaster. But Mathias was the first step in a remarkable career which few who had known the earlier successes of the actor could have predicted. From that November night the London public never lost faith in Mr. Irving's imagination, resolution, and ambition. The man who could play the dream-scene in "The Bells," and hold the theatre

STATUETTE OF MR. HENRY IRVING AS MATHIAS.
BY E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.

Presented by his comrades of the Lyceum Theatre on Nov. 25, 1892, the 21st anniversary of his first appearance in "The Bells," Nov. 25, 1871.

spellbound, possessed that magnetic personality without which some histrionic gifts of a high order may find cold appreciation. Mathias was destined to be the forerunner of many impersonations of far greater elevation and complexity, but all distinguished by that power of imaginative suggestion which in acting, as in other arts, exercises so potent a charm. Mr. Irving may look back with pride on twenty-one years of unbroken prestige, while the congratulations of the actors who surround him are echoed by multitudes who owe to him, as actor and manager, many of the enchanted moments of their lives.

The British Museum sustains a severe loss by the retirement, from ill-health, of Mr. Louis Fagan, Acting Assistant Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings. Mr. Fagan has not only been an active and useful officer within the precincts of the department, for which he has written an excellent handbook, but has laboured to awaken public interest in its treasures by popular lectures, illustrated with magic-lantern illustrations of works of art from photographs taken under his own supervision. These lectures have been delivered to large and attentive audiences, not only in England, but in America and Australia. Mr. Fagan is the author of an elaborate monograph on Michel Angelo, and other essays in artistic literature. In general literature he is favourably known by his "History of the Reform Club" and his "Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi," whose executor he was. As such he has laid literature under great obligations by his publication of the letters received by Panizzi from Prosper Mérimée and from distinguished Italian patriots. Mr. Fagan intends to spend a considerable time in Japan, alike for the renovation of his health and for research into the enchanted world of Japanese art.

There has arrived in England, in the company of an English missionary (with whom he comes as a personal friend), a native of Uganda. Mika Sematimba is, under the present dispensation, a chief of some importance, a Protestant Christian, and one of the younger men now rising into power. He is probably about twenty-eight years of age, short in stature, light (for a negro) in complexion, with rather pleasant features and an engaging manner. In early life he

was attached to the King's Court, and was once sent down to Zanzibar in charge of a caravan from Uganda. After his baptism, Mika Sematimba was often in grave peril, and only saved his life, in times of persecution, by a discreet retirement from the capital. He is much amazed at what he has seen in London, but readily accommodates himself to English ways.

Lord and Lady Alington's party at More Criche to meet the Prince of Wales included (says *Truth*) the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Maria Lady Ailesbury, Georgiana Lady Dudley, and Lord and Lady Brooke. There was shooting on four days, the bag amounting to about 3500 head. I see it is stated that Criche is a place which the Prince of Wales was very anxious to purchase in 1862, but Lord Alington "decidedly refused to sell." This is the purest of fictions. The idea of buying Criche never entered into the imagination of the Prince of Wales, who at that period had probably never heard of the place, to which I may add that the Criche estate is held by Lord Alington in strict settlement, and he could no more sell it than the Duke of Devonshire could part with Chatsworth.

Sir John Abbott, the Canadian Premier, retires into private life with a record of much public usefulness. He never sought the glare of publicity, and had little taste for political warfare. He left these behind with his youth, when he was led, in a moment of political excitement, to sign the annexation manifesto, which also bore the name of John Rose, afterwards the confidential adviser of the Prince of Wales. It was in the Dominion Senate, which he led with such tact and suavity, that Sir John felt most at home, and his industry and profound knowledge of constitutional law have there proved of the highest value in the shaping of Canadian legislation. To him, too, Montreal owes not a little of her pre-eminence among North American cities. But Sir John Abbott's title to Canadian gratitude is more especially associated with the post which ill-health now compels him to abandon. When death removed Sir John Macdonald just eighteen months ago Canada lost the man who had watched at her cradle and brought her through endless dangers to sturdy manhood. To find a second Sir John Macdonald was impossible, but at the earnest bidding of the Governor-General and his colleagues Sir John Abbott put aside his natural love for a quieter life and placed himself in the breach. The moment was one of some danger to Canada's national life, but, drawing his colleagues round him, Sir John Abbott met the crisis with decision, and it is largely because of his long experience, discretion, and freedom from bitter party feeling that the Dominion now enjoys greater political calm and commercial prosperity than she has known for many a year. Sir John is at present in the Riviera, and all Canadians, whatever their political complexion, will wish him a speedy return to health.

The portrait of Sergeant Grace is from a photo by Messrs. Russell, 17, Baker Street, and that of Mr. Catling from one by Mr. H. Walter, Strand.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The question of lay baptism is agitating somewhat the High Church party. The impression that lay baptism is in every case valid has been general; but in a very able and learned work by Mr. Elwin it was recently challenged. Mr. Elwin does not say that it is invalid, and he admits that in the West there has always been a strong tendency to acknowledge all lay baptism. But in the East, he says, lay baptism is only admitted in the case of persons in danger of death. It entitles them to Christian burial, but in the event of their recovery the baptism is repeated by a priest. The tendency seems to be to "baptise all persons gathered into the one fold of the Church of God from among the Dissenting bodies." This is a significant step, and has an obvious bearing on recent movements.

In his new book Mr. Gore seems to lay more stress on the validity of the baptism of Dissenters, and strongly advocates friendly intercourse between Churchmen and Nonconformists.

In spite of the greatly reduced value of country livings, it appears that there is no difficulty in finding men ready to accept them. A clergyman says that a patron with a living of £120, with a house, will have from 100 to 150 applications for it. I take the following curious quotation from his letter as printed in the leading Church paper: "Nine-tenths of the squires and patrons of country livings, so long as the parson is not a Ritualist, hates 'charges,' is not zealous overmuch, votes Tory, or, at least, Unionist, abuses Mr. Gladstone, and tells his village lads that they ought to aspire to nothing higher than ploughing, hedging, and ditching for a few shillings a week, and the workhouse at the end of their life, do not really much care whether he is a gentleman or not, or whether he works his parish or lets it alone." This is a sweeping indictment, but personal feeling has obviously something to do with it. A clergyman in the diocese of St. David's says that "an immense number of the clergy would be only too thankful to receive the round sum of £170 a year."

The well-known Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth, so long conducted by Miss Robinson, and largely supported by Churchmen, has passed into the hands of the Rev. J. Gregson, formerly a Baptist minister at Bradford and elsewhere. Mr. Gregson was a prominent figure at the Keswick Convention.

A Yorkshire clergyman has had the courage and good sense to announce his intention of giving from his pulpit the best sermons of eminent divines of the past, condensing them where necessary. He began by delivering a homily of Archbishop Cranmer's upon "Faith and Work." The congregation are said to "regard with much approval this action of their vicar." No wonder.

The Rev. Dr. Pentecost, an American preacher who has been invited to succeed Dr. Donald Fraser as minister of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, will, it is understood, receive a stipend of £1500, along with the use of a house near Hyde Park. This is probably the largest stipend paid to any Presbyterian minister in this country.

The proposal that the Church should start a scheme for giving pensions to the deserving poor is condemned in influential quarters. It is considered that the Church has enough to do in providing for strictly Church objects. Many of the clergy are poor, and the position of Church schools is not adequately secured.

An attempt has been made to start a "heresy" prosecution among Methodists. Professor W. T. Davison, of Richmond, has been charged in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* with heterodox views on the inspiration of the Bible. He sympathises in a moderate way with the higher criticism. The committee under whose notice the complaint came promptly and unanimously decided that it was without foundation.

Several new religious papers have recently been started in Scotland. Either the field was not large enough, or the journals were not well conducted, for they have almost all expired—the last to die being the *Modern Church*, which was edited by the well-known theologian, Professor A. B. Bruce.—V.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, and attended by Major-General Ellis, arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday night, Nov. 26, on a visit to the Queen. On Sunday the Prince and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius visited the Albert Chapel, the burial-place of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The Prince of Wales afterwards returned to London.

His Royal Highness received the Gaekwar of Baroda at Marlborough House, previous to his departure for India. His Royal Highness, attended by Major-General Ellis and Sir F. Knollys, left Marlborough House for Sandringham on Nov. 29.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Paget (her Majesty's Ambassador at Vienna) and Lady Paget, and the Right Hon. Sir Edward Malet (her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin) and Lady Ermytrude Malet arrived at Windsor Castle on Nov. 28.

It is announced that Parliament will meet on Jan. 31 for the despatch of business. This is a somewhat later date than was anticipated by the supporters of the Government, and there is some chuckling in the Unionist camp over what the *Times* calls the "general unpreparedness" of the Cabinet. On the other hand, there is reason to suppose that the chief measures for next Session are in a tolerably forward state, and the administrative activity in the various departments is certainly remarkable.

Mr. Henry Fowler has issued an edict from the Local Government Board reducing the rating qualification for Poor Law guardians to £5. Hitherto the qualification has ranged as high as £40, and for some mysterious reason the scale has varied throughout the parish unions of England and Wales. It is generally admitted that the uniformity established by Mr. Fowler is an advantage, though it is impossible to say why there should be any qualification at all. The system which demands no standard of worldly goods from a member of the House of Commons, or of a School Board, or of a County Council, but insists on a Poor Law guardian being a man with a particular rateable value, is one of the most exquisite anomalies of this glorious isle.

The unemployed have been making raids in the form of deputations on several Government offices. They have given the First Commissioner of Works the opportunity of announcing that the Government mean to press on with some important public improvements. There is to be a new Post Office, and several public offices are in need of extension and alteration. These projects will considerably increase the demand for work, but Mr. Shaw-Lefevre declined to limit the employment to London labour in order to boycott workmen from the country. Nor would he limit the hours to forty-eight in the week. The "irresponsible agitators," who are vigorously denounced by Mr. John Burns, are now deprived of their favourite assertion that the authorities are indifferent to the needs of the unemployed.

One of the new public works will be the demolition of Millbank Prison. Part of the site is to be used for the new gallery which Mr. Tate is to erect for the housing of the collection of pictures which he is to give to the nation. Sir William Harcourt has come to an agreement with Mr. Tate, and has also decided to remove the barracks from the rear of the National Gallery. This will enable the trustees of that institution to extend their quarters; moreover, Mr. Tate's gallery is to be placed under their control, an arrangement which will extinguish some burning jealousies.

The Fair Trade League have played a little joke at the expense of Mr. Asquith. They gave notice to the Chief Commissioner of Police that they would monopolise Trafalgar Square every Saturday and Sunday for three months. This construction of the new regulation of public meetings in the Square drew from the Home Office the tart suggestion that the Fair Traders were not serious. They have protested their entire gravity, though the idea of Trafalgar Square being given up to demonstrations of Mr. Howard Vincent's notions of political economy savours of sly burlesque.

In addition to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the condition of the aged poor, there is to be a Commission to discover what lands in Scotland are available for the extension of crofters' holdings. This has given rise to some genial banter in the Opposition journals, which picture a Radical Government turning on Commissioners to make excuses for evading election promises. But even with these Commissions in full blast Ministers will have their hands full of responsibilities and embarrassments.

Another M.P. has been unseated. Mr. Clayton, the Conservative member for the Hexham Division of Northumberland, has been declared guilty of bribery through his agent, though acquitted of personal complicity. The election judges dwelt strongly on the corruption in the form of treating. There is a great deal too much beer on polling day, and the evil will not be remedied until the Legislature decrees that on that day public-houses shall be closed.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes had a great reception at the Cannon Street Hotel, where he addressed a meeting of the British South Africa Company. Mr. Rhodes announced that he had made a proposal to the Government for a telegraph service from the Cape to Uganda. It is generally understood that he has offered to find the money.

The anniversary of the execution of the "Manchester Martyrs" was celebrated in several towns in Ireland with processions and speeches. There was a good deal of talk about "national independence" by irresponsible Parnellites. The Nationalists held aloof from the demonstrations, which were consequently left in the hands of Fenians and the tag-rag of the Redmond party. In Mr. Balfour's time this particular anniversary was tabooed by the Irish authorities. Mr. Morley is more tolerant, though it is not apparent what he has gained by giving free rein to sedition.

The annual meeting of members of the Imperial Institute was presided over by the Prince of Wales, who congratulated his colleagues on the success of their efforts. Unfortunately, the finances of the Imperial Institute are not in a prosperous state. It has a formidable rival in the Colonial Institute, which has received a much larger measure of support from Colonial contributors. The suggestion that the two institutions should be amalgamated will probably find little favour, but it cannot be denied that the Imperial Institute, in spite of the great influence of royal patronage, is very far from answering the expectations of its founders.

It is believed that an energetic effort will be made by the Public Prosecutor to put down the particular form of lottery which is known as the "missing word competition." This takes the form of a silly paragraph with the final word omitted. Every competitor must cut a coupon out of the paper which advertises the lottery, and send this with a shilling and his suggested word to the editor. The total proceeds are divided among those whose guesses happen to be correct, the paper deriving sufficient profit from

the increase of circulation. This game has excited a perfect mania throughout the country. In many post offices in London it is impossible to get a shilling postal order, the whole stock having been sold to the "missing word" competitors. The more shillings expended by a competitor the greater the chances of success. Consequently a good deal more money is spent than many can afford. It is entirely contrary to public policy that this gambling should be tolerated; but the Public Prosecutor, who has had his mishaps, does not seem to be very sanguine.

The publishers of the *Times*, *Standard*, and *Morning Post* were cited for "contempt of Court" before Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Wills. The alleged "contempt" arose out of some correspondence about an election petition, but what on earth the letters had to do with the petition in an illegal sense the learned Judges have not explained. They hinted, however, that if some unintelligible technicality had not been disregarded by some solicitor who had made an affidavit, it might have gone hard with the three publishers. The whole business remains a mystery.

Lord Meath has been advertising for millionaires to help in the purchase of open spaces for the benefit of Londoners. He announces that he has received not a single response, and suggests that the millionaire is an extinct species, like the dodo. This irony will be appreciated by the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, and other great landlords who own so large a part of the Metropolis.

The French Ministry of M. Loubet, having been defeated by 293 votes to 195 in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, Nov. 28, immediately resigned office, which it had held during nine months, longer than any preceding Ministry of the past seven or eight years. The question upon which it was defeated was a motion, backed by the Committee of Inquiry concerning the alleged bribery of former Ministers and Deputies in the transactions of the Panama Canal Company, demanding that the corpse of the late Baron Reinach, who died on Nov. 19, should be disinterred and examined to find out whether his death was not a suicide, or the effect of a crime. M. Ricard, the Minister of Justice, opposed this demand as illegal, uncalled-for, and unjustifiable. It was supported by M. Brisson, chairman of the Panama Inquiry Committee, who was Prime Minister in 1885. Eighty-one of the Ministerialist party voted against the Government, and 150 declined to vote. President Carnot has invited M. Brisson to form a new Ministry.

It appears that the Panama Inquiry Committee had been preparing to summon Baron Reinach, and to interrogate him about a charge of having received nine million francs from the Panama Canal Company. His death was announced to have been suddenly caused by apoplexy. The wildest rumours are circulated by enemies of the Republican Government, and it is well to suspend judgment until the evidence is produced.

The Court of Appeal in Paris, on Nov. 25, in the matter of the criminal prosecution of M. de Lesseps and other directors of the Panama Canal Company, adjourned the trial till Jan. 10. It is stated that M. de Lesseps, at his great age, is in such a state of health and mind that he cannot be made aware of the proceedings against him.

The International Monetary Conference at Brussels, on Nov. 25, received from the American delegates, headed by Senator Allison, a series of propositions for the general adoption of bimetalism, to fix the ratio in value between gold and silver, and to establish the use of both for coinage into money of full debt-paying power. The delegates of Germany and Austria stated that their Governments could not assent; those of Russia, Italy, and Switzerland said they had no instructions to vote on the question. Sir C. Rivers-Wilson and the British delegates accepted the principle. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, on Nov. 28, submitted a different scheme: to preserve the single gold standard as bimetalism for England is an impossibility, but to raise the value of silver by the European Governments undertaking to purchase certain quantities every year. A committee of experts was appointed to report on this plan.

The German Imperial Army Bills have been introduced to the Federal Diet by the Chancellor of the Empire, Count von Caprivi, in a very important speech. He declared that the German nation had no desire but to preserve the possessions accorded to it by the peace of 1871. If war broke out again with France they would find, not as in 1870 eight French army corps opposed to the German seventeen, but forces numerically equal, if not superior, to the German, splendidly organised and equipped, with enormous reserves behind them, and a series of formidable fortresses on the Moselle and the Meuse, each stronger than Strasburg and Metz were in 1870. Paris, too, was now not the Paris of 1870, but a fortified city such as the world had never seen the like of, with thirty-six forts and an outer line of defences 138 kilometres in extent. If Paris were taken again, where would Germany find compensation for the blood spilt, the treasure spent, and the odium of an aggressive war? Nor would Germany be allowed by others to enjoy its fruits. With regard, however, to the eastern German frontier, there was a widespread feeling against Germany among the Russian people, and he feared this hatred might grow fiercer. The Government dared not shut its eyes to these facts: it must calculate on the possibility of a war with Russia, though there was no immediate danger. The Imperial Chancellor then described the new scheme of military reorganisation, by which the permanent strength of the German army, on a peace footing, is to be raised to 492,000 men, the infantry serving only two years with their regiments, and then passing into the Landwehr reserve force. The additional yearly cost is estimated below three millions sterling. Five years from October 1893 is the term fixed for the continuance of this arrangement.

The Italian Parliament was opened by King Humbert at Rome on Nov. 23. The royal speech contained no announcement of general political importance.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, has been visiting Bangalore and Madras. In Upper Burma, on the Chin frontier, detachments of British Indian troops have moved from Fort White to chastise the revolted tribes and to reinforce the posts which they threatened.

A revolution has taken place in the independent native State of Chitral, north-west of Kashmir, part of the region which geographers and ethnologists call "Kafiristan," lying at the foot of the Hindu Kush mountain range. The late ruler of this State, styled the Mehtar, whose name was Aman-ul-Mulk, was murdered last year, and the succession was disputed by two sons, Nizam-ul-Mulk, Governor of Yasin, and Afzul-ul-Mulk, Governor of Mastaj. Hostilities between these princes soon drove the former into Gilgit as an exile. Afzul-ul-Mulk was placed on the throne, and Chitral has lately been approached by a notable frontier movement on the part of the Indian Government. Surgeon-Major Robertson, C.I.E., concluded a mission to the new Mehtar. Chitral is a place of political and strategic importance. It lies a good hundred and fifty miles beyond Gilgit, our extreme north-west frontier station, and it occupies a central position in that large tract of independent

territory, between the Afghan and British frontiers, on which Russian explorers of the filibustering type have recently been casting envious eyes. The most recent news, telegraphed from India on Nov. 25, informs us of the dethronement and death of the Mehtar, Afzul-ul-Mulk, and the usurpation of power by his uncle, Shere Afzul Khan, who had been a refugee in Badakshan. There is a rumour that the usurper claimed to have the support of the Ameer of Afghanistan. Some uneasiness is also felt concerning the attitude of Umra Khan, the ruler of Bajaur. The British Agent at Chitral is a native officer of the Bengal Lancers, with a very small escort.

The Egyptian garrison of Souakim, on the Red Sea coast, is again put on the alert by the hostile movements of our old enemy, Osman Digna, a lieutenant-general of the Khalifa or Mahdi, who occupies a camp eighty miles from Souakim, intercepting trade on the route to Berber, and who attacked the Temerin fort, twelve miles from Tokar, on Nov. 25, but was repulsed by the garrison.

King Charles of Roumania, in opening his Parliament at Bucharest, on Nov. 27, announced the impending marriage of the heir-apparent, his nephew, to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, and referred to his Majesty's late reception in London, as well as at Vienna, as a token of friendship to Roumania. X.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE FOUDROYANT.

(See Next Page.)

So much was said, two months ago, of the interesting associations, in British naval history and in the life of Nelson, belonging to this old line-of-battle ship, that it is needless to recapitulate the facts then testified and discussed by various newspaper correspondents. The Admiralty had sold the hull of the Foudroyant to be broken up for timber by a German firm at the Baltic port of Swinemünde. Public spirit in England was roused in favour of its preservation as an historical relic. Some money contributions were offered towards its repurchase, which would cost, it was estimated, £5000 or £6000. In the meantime, on Nov. 14, it was announced by the London agents of the firm in Germany that they had privately sold it to a few Englishmen, and that it would be sent home as soon as the weather should allow this to be done with safety. On Nov. 22, accordingly, the old ship left Swinemünde in tow of the steamer Oceana, and is now in the Thames.

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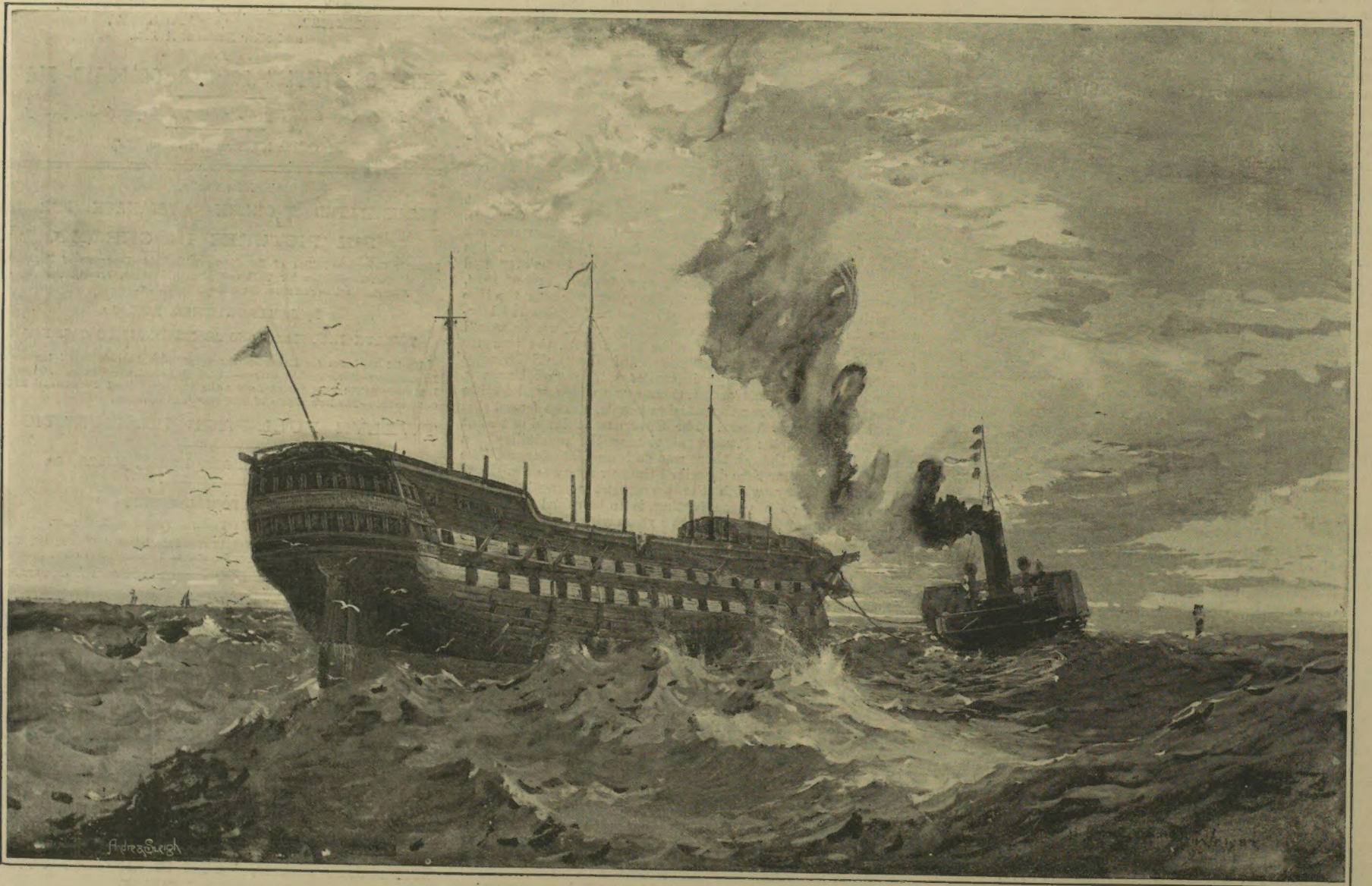
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LAST CRUISE OF THE OLD FOUDROYANT, BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT

BY THOMAS HARDY

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE MAKES A DASH FOR THE LAST INCARNATION.

This desultory courtship of a young girl by an old boy was interrupted by the appearance of Somers and his wife and family on the Budmouth Esplanade. Alfred Somers, once the youthful, picturesque as his own paintings, was now a middle-aged family man with spectacles—spectacles worn, too, with the single object of seeing through them—and a row of daughters tailing off to infancy, who at present added appreciably to the income of the bathing-machine women established along the sands.

Mrs. Somers—once the intellectual, emancipated Mrs. Pine-Avon—had now retrograded to the petty and timid mental position of her mother and grandmother, keeping sharp, strict regard as to the class of society literature and art that reached the presence of her long perspective of girls. She was another illustration of the sad fact that the succeeding generations of women are seldom marked by cumulative progressiveness, their advance as the girl being lost in their recession as the matron; so that they move up and down the stream of intellectual development like flotsam in a tidal estuary. This, however, not by reason of their faults as individuals, but of their misfortune as child-rearers.

The landscape-painter, now an Academician like Pearston himself—rather popular than distinguished—had given up that peculiar and personal taste in subjects which had marked him in times past, executing instead many pleasing aspects of nature addressed to the furnishing householder through the middling critic, and really very good of their kind. In this way he received many large cheques from persons of wealth in England and America, out of which he built himself a sumptuous studio and an awkward house around it, and paid for the education of the growing maidens.

The vision of Somers's humble position as jackal to this lion of a family and house and studio and social reputation—Somers, to whom strange conceits and wild imaginings were departed joys never to return—led Pearston, as the painter's contemporary, to feel that he ought to be one of the by-gones likewise, and to put on an air of unromantic bufferism. He refrained from entering Avice's peninsula for the whole fortnight of Somers's stay in the neighbouring town, although its grey poetical outline—"throned along the sea"—greeted his eyes every morn and eve across the roadstead.

When the painter and his family had gone back from their bathing holiday, he thought that he, too, would leave the neighbourhood. To do so, however, without wishing at least the elder Avice good-bye would be unfriendly, considering the extent of their acquaintance. One evening, therefore, knowing this time of day to suit her best, he took the ten-minutes ride thither by the little railway train, and arrived at Mrs. Pearston's door just after dark.

A light shone from an upper chamber. On asking for his widowed acquaintance he was informed that she was ill, seriously, though not dangerously. While learning that her daughter was with her, and further particulars, and doubting if he should go in, a message was sent down to ask him to enter. His voice had been heard, and Mrs. Pearston would like to see him.

He could not with any humanity refuse, but there flashed across his mind the recollection that Avice the youngest had never yet really seen him, had seen nothing more of him than an outline, which might have appertained as easily to a man thirty years his junior as to himself, and a countenance so renovated by faint moonlight as fairly to correspond. It was with misgiving, therefore, that the sculptor ascended the staircase and entered the little upper sitting-room, now arranged as a sick chamber.

Mrs. Pearston reclined on a sofa, her face emaciated to a surprising thinness for the comparatively short interval since her attack. "Come in, Sir," she said, as soon as she saw him, holding out her hand. "Don't let me frighten you."

Avice was seated beside her, reading. The girl jumped up, hardly seeming to recognise him. "O! it's Mr. Pearston," she said in a moment, adding quickly, with evident surprise and off her guard: "I thought Mr. Pearston was"—

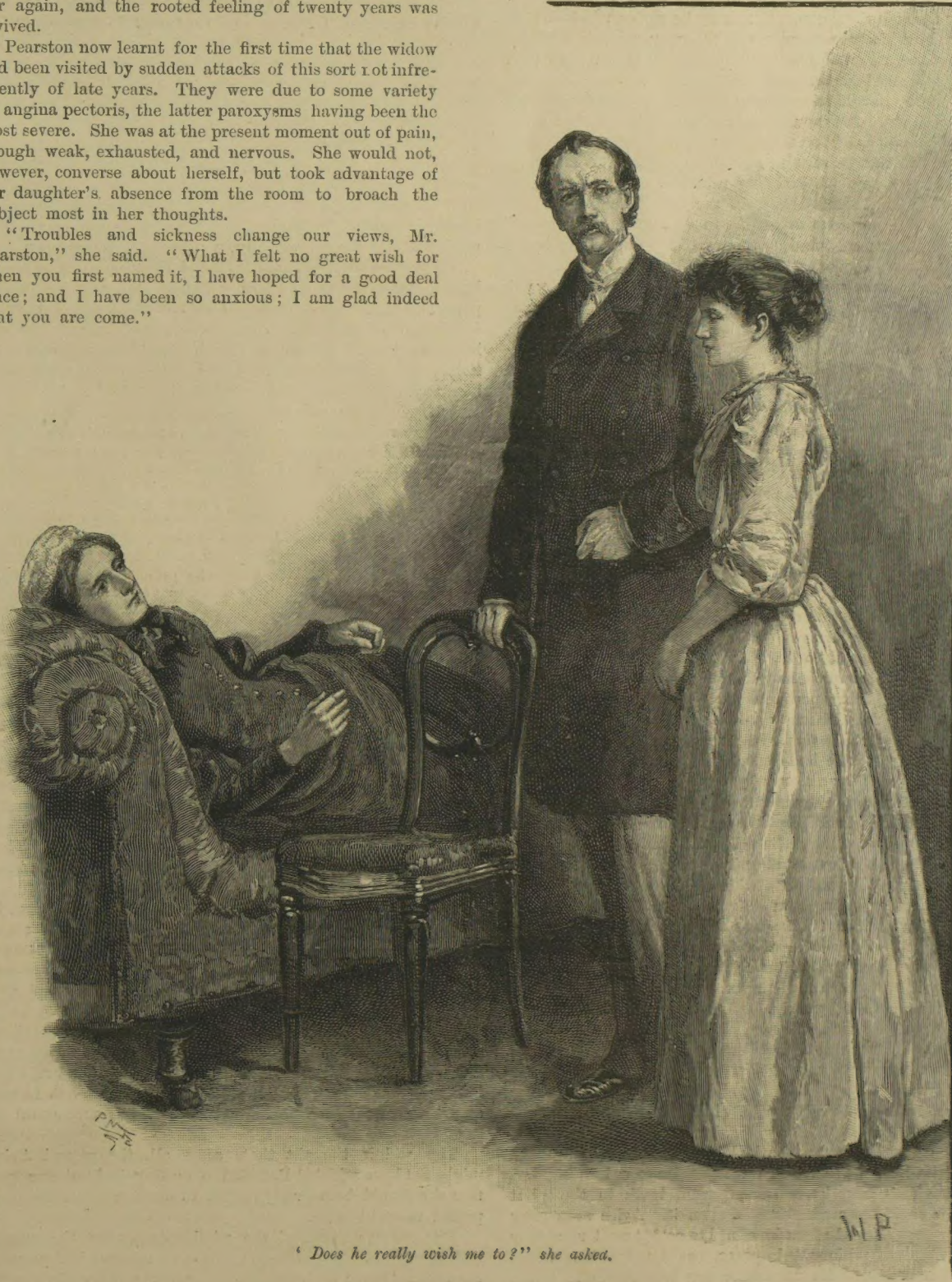
What she had thought he was did not pass her lips, and it remained a riddle for Pearston until a new departure in her manner towards him showed that the words "much younger" would have accurately ended the sentence. Had Pearston not now confronted her anew, he might have endured philosophically her changed opinion of him. But he was seeing her again, and the rooted feeling of twenty years was revived.

Pearston now learnt for the first time that the widow had been visited by sudden attacks of this sort not infrequently of late years. They were due to some variety of angina pectoris, the latter paroxysms having been the most severe. She was at the present moment out of pain, though weak, exhausted, and nervous. She would not, however, converse about herself, but took advantage of her daughter's absence from the room to broach the subject most in her thoughts.

"Troubles and sickness change our views, Mr. Pearston," she said. "What I felt no great wish for when you first named it, I have hoped for a good deal since; and I have been so anxious; I am glad indeed that you are come."

"My wanting to marry Avice, you mean, dear Mrs. Pearston?"

"Yes—that's it. I wonder if you are still in the same mind? You are, Sir? Then I wish something could be done—to make her agree to it—so as to get it settled. I feel so anxious as to what will become of her. She is not a practical girl as I was—she would hardly like now to settle down as an islander's wife; and to leave her living here alone would trouble me."



"Does he really wish me to?" she asked.

"Nothing will happen to you yet, I hope, my dear old friend."

"Well, it is a risky complaint; and the attacks, when they come, are so agonising that to endure them I ought to get rid of all outside anxieties, folk say. Now—do you want her, Sir?"

"With all my soul! But she doesn't want me."

"I don't think she is so against you as you imagine. I fancy if it were put to her plainly, now I am in this state, it might be done."

From this subject they lapsed into conversation on the early days of their acquaintance, until Mrs. Pearston's daughter re-entered the room.

"Avice," said her mother, when the girl had been with them a few minutes. "About this matter that I have talked over with you so many times since my attack. Here is Mr. Pearston, and he wishes to be your husband. He is much older than you; but, in spite of it, that you will ever get a better husband I don't believe. Now, will you take him, seeing the state I am in, and how naturally anxious I am to see you settled before I die?"

"But you won't die, mother! You are getting better!"

"Just for the present only. Come, he is a good man and a clever man, and a rich man. I want you much to be his wife. I can say no more."

Avice looked appealingly at the sculptor, and then on the floor. "Does he really wish me to?" she asked almost inaudibly, turning as she spoke to Pearston. "He has never quite said so to me."

"My dear one, how can you doubt it?" said Pearston, quickly. "But I won't press you to marry me as a favour, against your feelings."

"I thought Mr. Pearston was younger!" she murmured to her mother.

"That counts for little, when you think how much there is on the other side. Think of our position, and of his—a sculptor, with a studio full of busts and statues that I have dusted in my time, and of the beautiful studies you would be able to take up. Surely the life would just suit you? Your education is wasted down here."

Avice did not care to argue. She was gentle as her grandmother had been, and it was just a question of whether she must or must not. "I think I can agree to marry him," she answered quietly, after some thought. "I see that it would be a wise thing to do, and that you wish it, and that Mr. Pearston really does—like me. So—so that"—

Pearston was not backward at this critical juncture, despite unpleasant sensations of his own selfishness. But it was the historic ingredient in this genealogical passion—if its continuity through three generations may be so described—which appealed to his perseverance at the expense of his wisdom. The mother was holding the daughter's hand; she took Pearston's, and laid Avice's in it.

No more was said in argument, and the thing was regarded as determined. Afterwards a noise was heard upon the window-panes, as of fine sand thrown; and, lifting the blind, Pearston saw that the distant light-ship winked with a bleared and indistinct eye. A drizzling rain had come on with the night. He had intended to walk the two miles back to the station, but it meant a drenching to do it now. He waited and had supper; and, finding the weather no better, accepted Mrs. Pearston's invitation to stay over the night.

The room he occupied was the one he had been accustomed to sleep in as a boy, before his father had made his fortune, and before his own name had been heard of outside the boundaries of the isle.

He slept but little, and in the first movement of the dawn sat up. Why should he ever live in London or any other fashionable city if this plan of marriage could be carried out? Surely, with this young wife, the island would be the best place for him. It might be possible to rent Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle as he had formerly done—better still to buy it. And if life could offer him anything worth having, it would be a home with Avice there on his native cliffs to the end of his days.

As he sat thus thinking, while the light increased, he discerned, a short distance before him, a movement of something ghostly. His position was facing the window, and he found that by chance the looking-glass had swung itself vertical, so that what he saw was his own shape. The person he appeared, by daylight, being chronologically so far in advance of the person he felt himself to be, Pearston did not care to regard that figure who now confronted him so mockingly. But the question of age being pertinent just now, he could not give the object up, and ultimately got out of bed under the weird fascination of the reflection. Whether he had overwalked himself lately, or what he had done, he knew not; but never had he seemed so aged by a score of years as he was represented in the glass in that cold grey morning light. While his soul was what it was, why should he have been encumbered with that withering carcase, without the ability to shift it off for another, as his ideal Well-Beloved had so frequently done?

By reason of her mother's illness Avice was now living in the house, and, on going downstairs, he found that they were to breakfast *en tête-à-tête*. She was not then in the room, but she entered in the course of a few minutes. Pearston had already heard that the widow felt better this morning, and, elated by the prospect of sitting with Avice at this meal, he went forward to her joyously. As soon as she saw him in the full stroke of day from the window she started; and he then remembered that it was their first meeting under the solar rays.

She was so overcome that she turned and left the room for a moment, as if she had forgotten something; when she re-entered she was visibly pale. Indeed, so much was she affected that he thought she was going to faint. She recovered herself, and apologised. She had been sitting up the night before the last, she said, and was not quite so well as usual.

There may have been some partial truth in this; but Pearston could not assure himself upon it. Avice soon grew friendly enough, and seemed inclined to accept matters as they offered. Jocelyn himself, however, could not get over that first start of hers. He ate scarce any breakfast, and, rising

abruptly from the table, said he would take a walk on the cliffs as the morning was fine.

He did so, proceeding along the north-east heights for nearly a mile. Should he give her up? His intention had been to go back to the house in half an hour and pay a morning visit to the invalid; but by not returning the plans of the previous evening might be allowed to lapse silently, as mere *pourparlers* that had come to nothing in the face of Avice's want of love for him. Pearston accordingly went straight along, and in the course of three-quarters of an hour was at Slopeway Well, where he entered the train for Budmouth.

Nothing occurred till the evening to inform him of how his flight had been taken. Then a note arrived from Mrs. Pearston; it was written in pencil, evidently as she lay.

"I am alarmed," she said, "at your going so sudden. Avice seems to think she has offended you. She did not mean to do that, I am sure. It makes me dreadfully anxious! Will you send a line? Surely you will not desert us now—my heart is so set on my child's welfare."

"Back I go!" said Pearston, rising from his chair.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HE DESPERATELY CLUTCHES THE FORM.

It was the little upper room at Mrs. Pearston's, now fitted up as an invalid's chamber, wherein the widow was still reclining. Though she did not sit up, she was well enough to be left alone, and had been occupying herself in sewing pieces of silk together, to form some fantastic article, suggestive of a bazaar bargain or wedding present. This needlework, however, lay neglected beside her now, while, lost in thought, she gazed out of the window at the long up-Channel view which the situation of the house afforded—not intentionally, but because such a prospect was unavoidable.

A rustling and bustling about, audibly proceeding in a neighbouring chamber, together with the invalid's desertion, denoted that something unusual was afoot, absorbing the whole strength of the domicile. Presently the accents of feminine voices, light and excited, mixed in with the rustling movements; and then the door of Mrs. Pearston's room, which had stood ajar, was pushed open, and Avice appeared before her mother's eyes. She smiled as the matron regarded her, and, placing herself at the foot of the couch, stood passively under scrutiny in a charmingly statuesque pose.

"Yes—it does very well," said the mother. "Not too young—not too old."

Avice was dressed for immediate marriage, and well she looked in the habiliments chosen, which had been of a kind to suit the simple style proposed for the ceremony and the bridegroom's maturity. A walking-dress of dove-coloured silk and a bonnet of somewhat similar shade formed the costume, which, despite its prettiness, was, for a bridal adornment, a cruel toning down of youthful charms that would have done justice to the airiest tissues ever woven by art.

Avice's mother inquired if Mr. Pearston had arrived.

"No. . . . Yes—it is he," murmured Avice, as the noise of a vehicle coming round by the wall of Dell-i'-th'-rock increased till it stopped at the door below. In a few minutes footsteps briskly ascended the stairs, and Pearston, wearing a white waistcoat and flower, was shown into the sick-chamber.

He pressed the fingers of the invalid, the hand she gave being light and diaphanous as a falling leaf, as thin as if cut out in paper. Avice, with a curious access of modesty, had stood somewhat behind the door, and she vented a constrained little laugh when he kissed her on the cheek. There was now only time to speak in business-like tones of the formal matters in hand. Mrs. Pearston declared that she wished to be left by herself, since she was unable to go and give her daughter away; gloves were then put on, and the couple descended the stairs. Below they were joined by a few local friends, and soon Mrs. Pearston heard the bridal party go off to the church on the western cliff.

The house sank into sunny silence, disturbed only by the faint noises of the two servants in the kitchen and the chipping and sawing of the quarrymen afar. Mrs. Pearston timed the party's absence by the clock on the mantel—five minutes to get along the crooked road through East Wake, ten minutes longer going across to the west side of the isle to Forne, where the church stood; the service, with entering, signing, and coming out, half an hour, a quarter returning; about one hour altogether.

She had no compunctions about this marriage. She felt perfectly sure that it was the best thing she could do for her girl. Not a young woman in the island but was envying Avice at that moment, for Pearston was still less than three-score—though, to be sure, not much less—a good-looking man as yet, one whose history was generally known here; also the exact figures of the fortune he had inherited from his father, and the social standing he could claim—a standing which that fortune would not have been large enough to procure unassisted by his reputation in his art.

But Avice had been weak enough, as her mother knew, to indulge in fancies for local youths from time to time; and Mrs. Pearston could not help terrifying herself by the picture of a possible return of the wedding party in consternation, declaring Avice recalcitrant at the last moment, and still no wife. Yet to everyone, except, perhaps, Avice herself, Pearston was the most romantic of lovers. Indeed, was there ever such a romance as that man embodied in his relations to her house? Rejecting the first Avice, the second had rejected him, and to decline upon the third with final achievement was an artistic and tender finish to which it was ungrateful in anybody to be blind.

The widow thought that, after all, the second Avice might not have rejected Pearston if destiny had not arranged that she should be secretly united to another when the preposposing moment came.

The sunny pattern of the window-panes on the carpet had moved some way onward; fifty-five minutes had passed; the vehicles could be heard returning, and a little colour came

into Mrs. Pearston's pale cheek. If it were all right and done, what a success, upon the whole, her life would have been! She who had begun that life as a homely girl, a small quarry-owner's daughter, had sunk to the position of laundress; had engaged in various menial occupations; had made an unhappy marriage for love, which had, however, in the long run much improved her position; was at last to see her daughter established on a good level of affluence and refinement; and yet not as the wife of a "kimberlin," but of one of their own race and sympathies.

There was a flutter downstairs denoting the entry of the returned personages, and she heard them approaching to ascend. Two people were ascending. In a moment or two they entered the room—Pearston and Avice together. Each came forward and kissed her.

"All was got through easily and satisfactorily, without a single hitch!" cried Pearston. "And here we are, a married couple, hastening up to see you!"

"Have you been no worse all the time, mother?" asked Avice, with an anxious waiving of the chief subject.

Mrs. Pearston said she had been quite easy, and as Avice persisted in keeping away from the event just concluded to talk of her mother's ailments, Jocelyn left them together. When he had gone from the room the widow said, "Now I am contented and thankful, my dear. And I hope you are the same."

"O, I have nothing to say against it!" the girl replied. "I suppose it was necessary, and there's an end of it."

"What—don't you like your husband?"

"Yes—I like him well enough."

"Then have a contented mind."

"I have, mother."

The entry of friends put an end to further conversation of this kind, and there followed the usual accompaniments of a simple country wedding. The present tenants of Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle were among the guests, out of respect for Pearston and liking for their gentle governess. In the afternoon the newly married couple drove over the crest of the island, down the long, steep street of Slopeway Well (where they were recognised by nearly everyone), and onward to the railway station at the foot of the hill, whence they started for London.

Pearston had taken a new red Queen Anne house, of the most approved Kensington pattern, with a studio at the back, in which the only noteworthy feature at present was a rope-ladder for ascending to the upper part. After a brief sojourn in the cathedral cities of the north of England they returned to London in early September, to superintend the fitting and furnishing of this residence.

It was a pleasant, reposeful time to be in town. There was nobody to interrupt them in their proceedings, and, it being out of the season, the largest tradesmen were as attentive to their wants as if those firms had never before been honoured with a single customer whom they really liked. The husband and wife, almost equally inexperienced—for the sculptor had nearly forgotten what knowledge of householding he had acquired earlier in life—could consider and practise thoroughly, in their solitude, a species of skeleton-drill in receiving visitors when the pair should announce themselves at home in the coming winter season.

Avice was charming, even if a little cold. He congratulated himself yet more than other people congratulated him. She was somewhat like her mother, whom he had loved in the flesh, but she was the image of her grandmother, whom he had loved in the spirit—and, for that matter, loved now. Only one criticism had he to pass upon his youthful partner: though in outward semblance her grandame's self, she had not the first Avice's candour of heart, but rather her mother's closeness. He never knew exactly what she was thinking and feeling. Yet he seemed to have such prescriptive rights in women of her blood that her occasional want of confidence did not deeply trouble him.

It was one of those ripe and mellow afternoons that sometimes colour London with their golden light at this time of the year, and produce those marvellous sunset effects which, if they were not known to be made up of kitchen coal-smoke and human and animal exhalations, would be rapturously applauded. Behind the perpendicular, oblique, zigzagged, and curved zinc tubes called "tall-boys," that formed a grey pattern not unlike some early Gothic numerals against the sky, the men and women on the tops of omnibuses saw an irradiation of topaz hues, darkened here and there into richest russet.

Inside Pearston's new studio some gleams of the same light managed to creep. There had been a sharp shower during the afternoon, and Pearston, who had to take care of himself, had worn a pair of goloshes on a short walk in the street. He noiselessly entered the studio, where he knew he should find his wife awaiting him with tea. There she was, seated beside the teapot of brown delf, which, as artists, they affected, her back being towards him. She was holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and then he saw that she was weeping silently.

In another moment he perceived that she was weeping over a book. By this time she had heard him, and came forward. He made it appear that he had not noticed her distress, and they discussed some arrangements of furniture. When he had taken a cup of tea, she went away, leaving the book behind her.

Pearston took it up. The volume was an old school-book; Stievenard's "Lectures Françaises," with her name in it as a pupil at Budmouth High School, and date-markings denoting lessons taken at a comparatively recent time, for Avice had been but a novice as governess when he discovered her.

For a school-girl—which she virtually was—to weep over a school-book was strange. Could she have been affected by some subject in the readings? Impossible. Pearston fell to thinking, and the bloom went off the process of furnishing, which he had undertaken so gaily. Somehow, the bloom was disappearing from his marriage also. Yet he loved Avice more and more tenderly; he feared sometimes that in the solicitousness of his affection he was spoiling her by indulging her every whim.

He looked round the large and ambitious apartment, now becoming clouded with shades, out of which the white and

cadaverous countenances of his studies, casts, and other lumber peered meditatively at him, as if they were saying, "What are you going to do now, old boy?" They had never looked like that while standing in his past homely workshop, where all the real labours of his life had been carried out. What should a man of his age, who had not for years done anything to speak of—certainly not to add to his reputation as an artist—want with a new place like this? It was all because of the young wife, and she apparently did not want him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HE POSSESSES IT: HE POSSESSES IT NOT.

Pearston did not see Avice again till dinner-time. Then, as he observed her nervously presiding over their limited table, he was tempted to say, "Why are you troubled, my little dearest?" in tones which disclosed that he was as troubled as she.

"Am I troubled?" she said, with a start, turning her gentle hazel eyes upon him. "Yes, I suppose I am. It is because I have received a letter—from an old friend—a person who used to be friendly."

"I am sorry," said Pearston, "you looked as if you didn't like my coming."

"Did I? I didn't know that."

"Avice, I am going to tell you something, if you are not too sleepy."

"O, no, I am not sleepy."

"I was once your mother's lover, and wanted to marry her—only she wouldn't, or couldn't, marry me."

"How very strange!" said Avice, now thoroughly awake.

"Mother has never told me that. Yet, of course you might have been—you are quite old enough."

"O, yes, quite old enough!" he said grimly. "Almost too old."

"Too old for poor mother?" she said musingly. "How's that?"

"Because I rightly belonged to your grandmother."

"No! How can that be?"

"I was her lover likewise. I should have married her if I had gone straight on instead of round the corner."

"But you couldn't, Jocelyn? You are not old enough? Why, how old are you?—you have never told me."

"I am very old."

He knew that his cause was lost with her by his exaggerating their contrasts. The verge of division, on which they long had trembled, she had at last crossed. Pearston noiselessly arose, took up his candle, and went out of the room. He had an impression that he might never again enter that chamber.

He lay down in an adjoining room, and instead of sleeping tried again to conjecture what had disturbed Avice, and, through her, himself, so much as to drive him to court disaster. There seemed to be something uncanny about London in its effect upon his marriage. He began to hate the grimy city and his new house and his new studio, and to wish he had not re-established himself so elaborately there. The momentary defiance of his matrimonial fate which had led him to speak as he had done in his wife's room now passed away, and he hoped again.

To take her back to his and her own native spot for a few weeks seemed the most promising course for shaking off this nightmare which sat upon them here. Her mother's persuasive powers might reconcile Avice to her new position when nothing else would, notwithstanding the unfortunate indiscretion of which in his despair he had been guilty, that of



She was holding her handkerchief to her eyes, and then he saw that she was weeping silently.

"You didn't show it to me."

"No—I tore it up."

"Why?"

"I didn't care to have it—I didn't like it, so I destroyed it."

Pearston did not press her further on the subject, and she showed no disposition to continue it. Avice retired rather early that evening, and her husband went along the passage to the studio, ostensibly to consider further how the fittings should be arranged. There he remained pacing up and down a long while, musing deeply on many things, not the least being the perception that to wed a woman is by no means the same as to be united with her. His wife's corporeal frame was upstairs: where her spiritual part lurked he could not tell.

At eleven o'clock he ascended also, and softly opened the chamber door. Within he paused a moment. Avice was asleep, and his intent ear caught a sound of a little gasping sigh every now and then between her breathings. When he moved forward his light awoke her; she started up as if from a troublous dream, and regarded him with something in her open eye and large pupils that was not unlike dread. It was so unmistakable that Pearston felt half paralysed, coming, as it did, after thoughts not too assuring; and, placing his candle on the table, he sat down on the couch at the foot of the bed. All of a sudden he felt that he had no moral right to go further. He had no business there.

He stayed and stayed, sitting there in his dressing-gown till the candle had burnt low; she became conscious of his silence, and said, "You rather startled me when you came in."

"My mother's, and my grandmother's," said she, looking at him no longer as at a husband, or even a friend; but as at a strange fossilised relic in human form. Pearston saw this; but he did not mean to spare himself. In a sudden access of remorse he was determined to pursue this to the bitter end—carried on by a wave of revolt against the curse of never being allowed to grow old.

"Your mother's and your grandmother's lover," he repeated.

"And were you my great-grandmother's too?" she asked, with an expectant interest that had overcome her personal feeling as his wife.

"No; not your great-grandmother's." He winced at that question, unreflectingly as it had been put, perceiving that his information, superadded to her previous sentiments, had already operated damagingly. He went on, however, to repeat with a dogged calm: "But I am very old."

"I did not know it was so much!" she said, in an appalled murmur. "You do not look so, and I thought that what you looked you were."

"No; I am very old," he unnecessarily reiterated. "And you—you are very young."

A silence followed, his candle burnt still lower; he was waiting for her to sleep, but she did not. Amid so much difference in their accidents there was much resemblance in their essentials; he was as sympathetically nervous as she, and the mere air itself seemed to bring him the knowledge that she lay in a state of tension which was indescribably more distressing than pain.

revealing his past attachments. A good practical reason for their return thither existed in the incomplete condition of their house-furnishing here, and in the still unending state of his mother-in-law. Dell-i'-th'-rock Castle was now, unfortunately, occupied by a permanent tenant, but there were some lodgings near which he thought he might easily obtain.

When he encountered Avice the next morning there was a trace of surprise in her face, but the distant, apprehensive look had not altogether departed. Yet he would have sacrificed everything—his artistic reputation itself—to give her pleasure. He feared that the conversation of the previous night had established her to regard him as a fearful curiosity; but regrets were too late now. He disclosed his proposition to ran down to their old place.

"When?" she asked.

"Soon. Say to-day. I don't like being here among these packing-cases, and the quicker we get away the better."

"I shall be glad to go," she said. "Perhaps mother is not so well, and I should like to be near her."

Whatever had upset her, then, it had nothing to do with locality. Pearston thereupon gave sufficient directions for the further garnishing of his town house, and in the afternoon they set out for the south-west by the familiar railway. Pearston stopped at Budmouth for that night, sending on his wife to her mother's home in the isle, where he promised to join her the next day.

(To be continued.)

MR. QUILTER'S PREFERENCES.

Under the somewhat cumbersome title of *Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature* (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), Mr. Harry Quilter has produced a volume which for bulk and beauty will stand alone among the gift-books of the season. The *forme* of the work is so imposing, and, as regards type, illustrations, and binding, so unexceptionable, that we may be excused from dwelling on it before speaking of its *fonds*. The various processes by which the illustrations—over a hundred—are reproduced is a hint which other editors might follow with advantage, for, without any disparagement of the autotype process, by means of which Mr. Quilter's preferences among the works of Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, and many others are introduced to us, the facsimile reproductions of the drawings, as in the case of "The Isabella Supper," by Sir John Millais, and similar works by other artists, are of especial value and beauty. The illustrations give an admirable idea of modern contemporary art, especially of that branch which reflected more or less permanently the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Turning now to the literary side of this volume, we find that it is, in a large measure, a reprint of Mr. Quilter's work during the last seventeen years. Much of this has been rewritten, and some of it has hitherto been inaccessible to the general public, or, having appeared in an ephemeral form, was in danger of being forgotten. With regard to the latter, we are especially glad to welcome these trenchant criticisms, which originally appeared in the columns of a weekly contemporary. The commotion they caused in art circles was the best evidence of their value. The sledgehammer blows which the writer gave to established reputations did much to encourage younger men to pursue their own inspirations instead of attempting to follow in the footsteps of popular favourites. But Mr. Quilter should not, we think, complain of the ill-will which his over-candid criticism provoked against himself: "Those who play at bowls must expect rubbers," and it was only reasonable that those who winced most under his shafts should be loudest in their complaints that these were dipped in venom.



"STRANGE FACES."—F. WALKER, A.R.A.



"THE OLD CLOCK."—BY G. PINWELL.

The chapter in the history of Pre-Raphaelitism, which occupies about a quarter of the volume, is full of personal interest, and Mr. Quilter's method of dealing with each of the members of the P.R.B., while always keeping in view "the environment" in which they lived and worked, throws more intelligible light upon this phase of English art than has yet been communicated to the outside world. Some may possibly object that the treatment of this question is overloaded with anecdotes, scandals, and personal reflections; but this is an age in which no secrets are hid when the characters or their works under the microscope are public property. Mr. Quilter is not one of those who believe that merit—least of all in art—can be judged by the measuring-tape of success, and some of his severest criticisms are upon those who, having once looked forward and found no purchasers, turned their faces in the opposite direction, where the "patrons of art" were to be found in crowds.

A hearty appreciation of Frank Holl as an artist, and a sympathetic recognition of the worth of Miss Amy Levy as a novelist, are among the freshest of the republished articles in

But it is rather as a writer on art topics that one turns to Mr. Quilter for "light and leading"; and in speaking of the modern French painters he distinctly shows how far they merit our attention as pioneers, and how also they act as beacons to warn our English artists of the rocks and shoals on which they themselves have suffered shipwreck—more or less complete. The school of French landscape was too firmly established before the younger men of the present day came to the front, and all that it remained for the latter to do was "to navigate their ship with the one brand-new sail of atmos-

pheric truth." So long as they represent the objects before their eyes *en plein air*, the need for beautiful arrangement or composition is to be thrown aside, and the artists of the new school holding that the utmost result realisable is the truthful impression of a scene, they cannot and should not attempt to correct their first imperfect vision, and still less to exert upon it the action of their mind and their knowledge of the elements of beauty.

We have touched upon few of the subjects discussed in this bulky volume, of which the size is not the least prominent feature. Those, however, who open its pages will find that, whatever else may be said of them, they are not heavy or dull; and the letterpress throughout is interspersed with illustrations, not only admirably executed, but in several cases of remote and interesting origin. Perhaps not the least valuable characteristic of Mr. Quilter is that he is able to get at things which are out of the reach of the majority of readers and collectors.

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"THE BLUE CLOSET."—D. G. ROSSETTI.



NEWS FROM THE MAINLAND: INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

"A. K. H. B." ONCE MORE.

Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews. September 1865 to September 1890. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." In two volumes. Vol. II. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.)—The continuation of Dr. Boyd's autobiography—for, notwithstanding his repeated disclaimers, there is no other word for it—takes up the tale at 1879 and brings it down to 1890. It is very like the first instalment—sometimes solemn, oftentimes trivial, but always amusing. With few exceptions, the old *dramatis personæ* reappear—the "saints," who behave much as if they were ordinary miserable sinners; the jealous "brethren," whose churches are empty; the obscurantists, who are blind to the beauty of "our Book of Common Order," the "Scottish Hymnal" and "uplifting" services; the crowd of "outstanding" men, who (owing, doubtless, to the inconvenient shape of this planet) are mostly invisible from this side of the Border; the Anglican dignitaries, endowed with every grace, but who refuse to display their shining raiment in the author's "schismatical" pulpit, charm he never so cunningly—all the familiar figures are there; and all are made familiar with the author's velvet glove—it is only the favoured Anglicans who escape the sharp something which it masks.

Most of the celebrities of the first volume (1865-78) were so obliging as to come to St. Andrews to be sketched. Perhaps the supply dwindled, for in these later years the author seems to have travelled much abroad, seeking out the lions in their own dens. He confesses with a pretty blush that in 1880 he did a "Celebrity at Home" for the *World*, and it is impossible to stifle a regret that that diverting series has not been further enriched by the same hand—a hand which seems to have been to the manner born. The reiterated and overflowing accounts of Selsdon Park and its friendly bishop (now promoted to Farnham Castle) are in the very best style of "society journalism." One wonders a little whether "the most lovable of prelates" enjoys it, or whether it palls, as "The Church's own Foundation" has palled. The author once remarked to that bishop "how touching it was." The answer came, "Yes; but if you heard it about a hundred times in a year you would grow tired of it?"

But although there is far too much of this kind of *niaiserie* in the book, it is not entirely given up to it. There are some excellent stories, though not quite so many as in the former volume, while there is some tendency to diffuseness, which makes quotation difficult. One of the best is of a New England Pilgrim Father, who cheered his congregation one Sunday by announcing that only "one in seven hundred and seventy-seven of the human race should be saved at last"—a calculation which yielded just three saved souls to that parish. The congregation turned the matter over in their agitated minds, and when in their perplexity they submitted tentative lists of possible individuals to their pastor, he found that *his own was in none of them*. We are told that the pastor was "humbled," but one would like very convincing evidence for so improbable a statement. Apropos of a scene of which the author was an eye-witness—a youthful parson dropping on his knees before a bishop to ask his blessing—he quotes Archbishop Tait's assurance that "whenever he got a letter from one of his clergy signed 'Your dutiful son and servant' he felt inwardly this man would be a trouble." There is added a story of a recent 'vart who, in a Protestant drawing-room before dinner, knelt to a Cardinal and craved a benediction. "The magnificent old man looked decidedly ruffled, and said in impatient tones and without any punctuation, 'God bless you get up Sir'; and turned away. Some present thought of Mr. Burnand's suggestion for a picture: 'Archbishop cursing Pilgrims.'" None of these stories, it will be observed, lacks the dash of mild profanity proper to the clerical variety, but they all fall below Dean Ramsay's standard of quality. There is, however, one of which that excellent man would have been greedy. A youthful preacher walking home from church with a silent elder fished thus for a compliment: "That was a fine text I had the day." "Oh, yes," was the response, "there was naething the matter wi' the text."

In these days, when even psychological ghosts command a premium, one is glad of a new story about one of the fine old crusted variety. The author was once so supremely happy as to form one of a distinguished house party at Glamis Castle: "It has been put about that the mention of it [the ancestral ghost] is a painful subject in the family. Never was ranker nonsense. In the morning the first question of the delightful Countess to her guests was: 'Well, have you seen the ghost?'" And the Earl told them how a Church dignitary of the sturdy beggar fraternity was once a guest. He had just gone to bed one night when the ghost appeared, but missed his chance of



FACSIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING: FIRST ARRIVAL OF DUTCHMEN IN MAURITIUS IN 1598.

the first word. The mendicant friar promptly demanded a subscription to his "Building Fund"; he excused himself from getting up in the cold, and asked the ghost to be good enough to put the money on his dressing-table. Of course the ghost vanished at once, saying nothing and leaving nothing—not even a subscription—behind him. And he has never come back.

One of the most amusing scenes described is a stroll the author once enjoyed with old Dean Wellesley in the Windsor cloisters. The Dean "recognised one *seen but once before*." . . . "But in a little, how startlingly outspoken! . . . For he went on to pour out strange things—things affecting both Church and State." His interlocutor's comment on this is delightful. "A keen, strong *sense* was what impressed one!" But this particular Scotch minister is very impressionable by Anglican dignitaries. He tells us he has even been accused of being "easily pleased with his Bishops"; and that "the gravitation of our best men [among Scotch ministers] is to the Anglican Church; while Charteris and some others are more at home with our

MAURITIUS AND ITS GIGANTIC TORTOISE.

The island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, five hundred miles east of Madagascar, was first discovered by the Portuguese in 1507, but its first colonists, in 1598, were the Dutch, two of whose ships, commanded by Admiral van Warwyk, separated from the squadron under Admiral van Neck, to which they belonged, took possession of it for the States-General of the Netherlands, and named it after Prince Maurice of Nassau, the able and valiant head of their Government, son of "William the Silent," the founder of Dutch liberties in the long war against Philip II. of Spain, aided by many English volunteers. But in 1710 the Dutch East India Company, oppressed by financial difficulties, gave up the administration of this fertile and beautiful island. It was, therefore, occupied by the French in 1715, after the Treaty of Utrecht, and was then called "the Isle of France"; it was, from 1735 to 1746, most ably governed by Mahé de Labouderie, becoming a prosperous sugar-planting colony. Many of the oldest and most respected colonial families are still French. But on Dec. 2, 1810, this island, or its chief town, Port Louis, was captured by the troops under General Abercromby, and became, with its dependencies, a British possession. That was eighty-two years ago; yet there is still alive, although blind, a witness of the change of Government. He is no other than the giant tortoise of Artillery Place, in Port Louis, who has peacefully resided there, and latterly in the Line barracks, since he was first mentioned, in the middle of the last century, then already a full-grown animal weighing nearly three hundred pounds.

Precise information is supplied by Captain O. C. Williamson, Royal Artillery, who arrived in Mauritius shortly before the late disastrous hurricane, and to whom an inquiry was addressed respecting the welfare of the oldest inhabitant of the island. Captain Williamson also forwards three photographs, with a scale of measurements, as follows: Fore leg, 1 ft. 7½ in.; hind leg, 1 ft.; body, circumference taken lengthways, 8 ft. 6 in.; broadways, 7 ft.; neck and head, length, 1 ft. 3½ in.; head, 7 in.; height from body to ground when walking, 6 in.; height to top of body from ground, 2 ft. 1 in.; length of tail, 1 ft. The abdominal plates are concave, with a maximum dip of four inches in the centre.

In the relation of the second voyage of the Hollanders to the East Indies, there is a curious engraving of the huge tortoises found by the Dutch seamen where they landed in September 1598. This account says: "There are also to be seen there a very great quantity of tortoises, some of which were so big that four sailors could mount on their backs, and

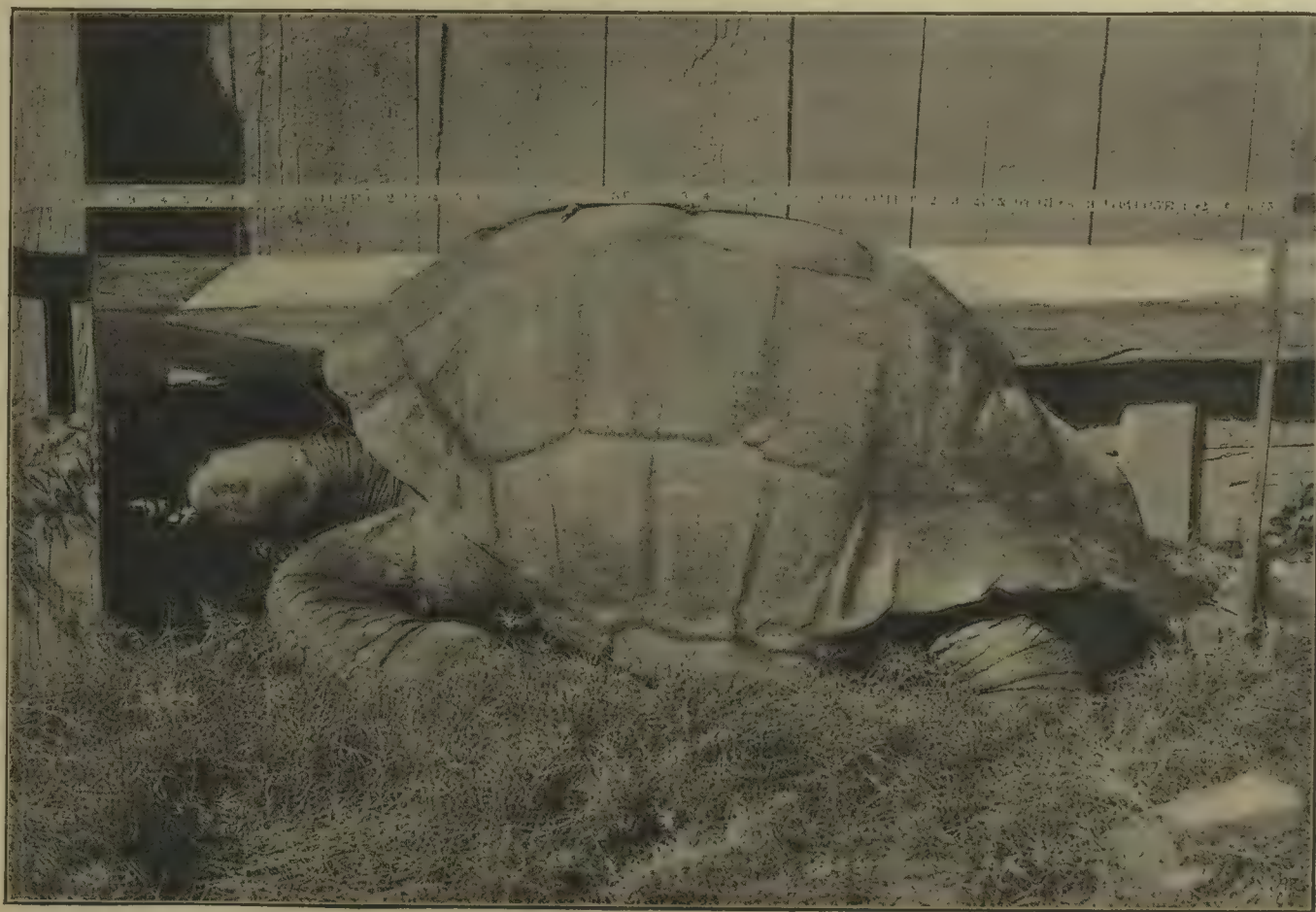
they [the tortoises] would not stop continuing their way. The shells were so large that six men could seat themselves within a single one."

The French Chevalier Marion du Fresne (who was afterwards, with his boat's crew, massacred in New Zealand) has the credit of having imported, in 1766, from the Seychelles, the tortoise now living in Mauritius. It has been remarked that no tortoises were indigenous to the Seychelles Islands; but Captain Marion took Pingré, the astronomer, to the island of Rodriguez for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus in that island in 1761; and as Pingré has told us that the huge tortoises from Rodriguez were imported wholesale to Mauritius during that time, it is just possible that the huge specimen now at Port Louis came from Rodriguez. Otherwise it may have come from Aldabra to Seychelles.

Why was this tortoise imported

into the "Isle of France," when the old Dutch engraving, reproduced on our page, shows that big tortoises existed in that island three centuries ago? Rodriguez is three hundred miles distant; the Seychelles over nine hundred miles; those islands are dependencies of the Mauritius Government, under separate Civil Commissioners, and are not inconsiderable, though having a collective population of only 16,000. The first-mentioned island is eighteen miles long and seven miles broad, mountainous and finely wooded.

We are indebted to Captain S. P. Oliver, R.A., for the communication of these photographs.



GIGANTIC LAND TORTOISE IN MAURITIUS.

fragmentary Presbyterianism." His own attitude towards the English Church is picturesquely indicated by this passage, which seems to come from a diary of 1883: "Thursday, June 28 . . . Up to the House of Lords, early . . . Prayers at 10.15. . . I stood behind the curtain, and looked in: having no right there." Yet nothing could well be more charming than the closing chapter of this book, which contains an account of the author's experiences as "Moderator of the General Assembly" of his poor kirk; but there is, unfortunately, no room left to do more than recommend it.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.



LEAR. *For, as I am a man, I think this lady to be my child Cordelia.*

MR. IRVING AND MISS TERRY IN "KING LEAR."

ILLUSTRATIONS TO QUEVEDO'S
"DON PABLO."

Don Pablo de Segovia; by Francisco Quevedo. Illustrated by Daniel Vierge. (T. Fisher Unwin)—The reproduction of Quevedo's masterpiece in English, with illustrations fitting to the story and akin in character and in spirit,



DANIEL VIERGE.

is the somewhat daring enterprise which the publisher has successfully achieved in the sumptuous volume before us. Author and artist are happily matched: printer and engraver are in perfect accord. Even those who care nothing for Quevedo, as Mr. Joseph Pennell naïvely confesses he does not, must be impressed by the art of Vierge, as here revealed for the first time in an English book. In warrant of the merit of the drawings, it may be enough to say that they won for Daniel Vierge, with the applause of all who were competent to judge, the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition of



DON PABLO'S SCHOOLMASTER.

1889. As illustrations, in the true sense, they cannot be surpassed. Mr. Joseph Pennell, who has prefixed an art preface to the volume, finds himself unable to say why Vierge should have chosen to illustrate such a book as "*Don Pablo de Segovia*." But the mystery ceases to be one when we know that Vierge himself is a Spaniard, who, though long resident in France, has never lost touch of his own country or sympathy with the national character. The quality of humour as shown in "*Don Pablo*," whose roots are deep in the old Spanish life, is precisely that which distinguishes the genius of this latest, and perhaps the greatest, master in black and white. Unlike Doré and others who have attempted to interpret the Spanish character in pictures—who are still Frenchmen or Englishmen, whatever the text may be—Vierge, or, to give him his proper name, Urrabieta, is essentially a Spaniard, who has caught and knows how to render the true spirit of his Spanish author. Vierge first illustrated "*Don Pablo*" for the French version of M. Germond de la Vigne, which was published in 1882. To the ninety small woodcuts contributed to that edition (by no means satisfactory in respect to the letterpress) Vierge has added twenty more, the whole being much enlarged, and printed with extraordinary brilliancy of effect in this English version.

Of Quevedo and his works it would have been unnecessary a century or two ago to say much by way of introduction to the English reader. Although still retaining his reputation in his own country as a poet among the best, and as a humorist second only to the author of "*Don Quixote*," Quevedo has ceased to be read in England. Yet at the beginning of the last century there were few among foreign authors who were better known in this country. That indefatigable translator, Sir Roger L'Estrange, rendered his "*Visions*" and his "*Comical Works*" into vigorous and flowing English in books which were popular and many times reprinted. "*Don Pablo de Segovia*," better known as "*Paul the Sharper*," was translated by several hands, and more or less ruthlessly "adapted to the humour of the times." This scant-o'-grace became the fashion of the age, and the model hero of the picaresque novel—the mould in which "*The English Sharper*" and several other heroes of that errant sort were cast. The original of Quevedo is still the best, as it is the truest and most original of the stories of that kind, and as here presented to us, in an old English version, dressed and corrected so as to be fit for decent company, forms an admirable picture of life and manners in Spain about the close of the sixteenth century. An introduction by Mr. H. E. Watts, the translator of "*Don Quixote*," tells us all that it concerns the general reader to know of Francisco de Quevedo and his troubled and adventurous life, of his multifarious literary enterprises, and of the picaresque "novel," which had its birth and reached its highest and purest development in Spain.

The illustrations by Daniel Vierge speak for themselves. They are not only faithful to the author and true to his text (a point in which illustrations are usually at fault, caring only to illustrate themselves), but they render with a marvellous accuracy the tone and character of the age and the country. With a few touches and simple lines, delicately yet strongly and firmly given, the artist is able to bring the whole scene before us. The physiognomies of the bully, the pedant, the half-starved miser, the crazy poet, the needy hidalgo, and the other very real but rarely respectable people who figure in the moving story, are rendered with a sharpness and distinctness of outline such as belong to the highest art. The little bits of scenery, the houses and the shops, and the streets, with the glimpses of the country, are as vividly Spanish



"He owned he should never be able to get to Madrid unless I would let him ride upon my ass awhile."

as the faces or the costumes. Over all the picture shines the broad sunlight of Spain; nor could the landscape or the figures be taken as anything other than Spanish. The technique of Vierge is beyond praise for its simplicity, directness, and sense of mastery. Not a dot or a line but tells a piece of the story—not a stroke but contributes to the effect. No effort is wasted; every touch goes straight to the purpose. And all is done with so little straining or appearance of labour, with so much naïveté and sincerity, as to make the art seem easy to those who did not know it to be perfect.

The printer and the engraver, as well as the publisher and, indeed, all concerned in its production, are to be congratulated on this very handsome volume, which ought to have the effect, if not of reviving our interest in the picaresque literature, of making more widely known the name of Daniel Vierge as an artist in black and white. The first of our illustrations is a portrait of the artist himself. Below him is the starveling schoolmaster, with whom the little Pablo learns his first lesson in ill-living. To the right is our adventurer riding away from Segovia on an ass of La Mancha, when he is stopped by a gentleman of old family in rags, who becomes his preceptor in the art of keeping up a genteel appearance. Last is one of the picaresque crew—a *caballero* of fortune much broken—a soldier in the great army of the Have-Nots.



DON PABLO.

THE COLUMBUS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

While Europe and America have been together celebrating the deeds of Columbus, the thriving communities on the western coast of North America would have us remember that they, too, have their Columbus, whose fame is to them second only to that of the Genoese navigator. England, to her shame be it said, neglected the hero of 1492, but she partially atoned for the offence by giving birthplace to his successor of 1792, and by encouraging him with the aid of money and one of her battle-ships to show the world what a heritage awaited civilisation on the Pacific shore of the new continent. The name of this second Columbus—Captain George Vancouver—is happily perpetuated in the titles of the island and city but for which England would be without her new imperial highway to the east by the west—a highway full of possibilities to Europe, Asia, and Australasia.

For nearly three centuries after the memorable voyage of Columbus the Pacific coast of North America remained almost a sealed book, except to the enterprising Spaniards. But among the company of Captain Cook on the northern expedition which cost him his life was the young naval officer, George Vancouver, who, in 1791, was charged by the Admiralty to follow his dead chief's steps, and take care that England's interests did not suffer by reason of the occupation which the Spaniards had made. For this purpose he was placed in command of the war-sloop *Discovery* and 100 men, including Lieutenants Mudge, Puget, and Baker, and provided as consort with the armed tender *Chatham*, under Commander W. R. Broughton. On April 1, 1791, this little company sailed out of Falmouth harbour. On the Sandwich Islands they found shelter for the ensuing winter, and it was May 1792 before the staunch old seventy-gun line-of-battle ship was seen slowly making her way up the Strait of San Juan de Fuca with the smaller vessel following in her wake. The unwieldy top-heavy Spanish galleons with their dark-eyed crews the natives knew and had learnt to fear. But what were the Indians and their squaws who crowded the rocky heights above the channel to think of these clean-cut ships manned by true "children of the North"? Vancouver himself thought more of the new land and all its possibilities than of its frightened inhabitants. "What do I see?" he exclaimed: "a country exceeding well wooded, beautiful in outline beyond compare, facing a grand and wonderful chain of mountains, laden with sparkling snow. It makes my heart to rejoice and be glad at the end of our long journey." Proceeding eastward, he passed south of the harbour of Esquimalt, where her Majesty's ships of the Pacific Squadron now ride at anchor, and in these waters took those pencil sketches which, rough though they are, the Royal Geographical Society so prize to-day.

But Vancouver had much else to do to complete his mission.

He lost no time in exploring this southern shore of the Strait of Fuca, which is now the northern boundary of the State of Washington and a coastline of great strategic importance to the Republic. At the first great inlet he turned southward, explored and surveyed it, and named it Puget Sound, after his lieutenant. Here the United States has seen its most rapid

ready to lie down together—the lion and the lamb—even a century ago. But all went well between Señor Quadra and Captain Vancouver, and by the time of the convention at Madrid, in 1794, all the Spaniards had withdrawn from Nootka, and the trouble was at an end. A relic of the arbitration is still to be found on the chart of

Vancouver's explorations, published in 1801, at the same time as the history of his voyage, where the joint Spanish and English claim is acknowledged in the title "Quadra and Vancouver Island." But Señor Quadra must have felt that the decision would be adverse, and September 1792 saw the departure of his fleet for his Mexican headquarters at San Blas, while three weeks afterwards—on the very day, a century before, of this year's Columbian celebration in London, under the auspices of the Spanish Ambassador—Vancouver left for winter quarters in the Sandwich Islands. Thus, without bloodshed and with no further demonstration than the firing of a cannon and the hoisting by Vancouver himself of the Union Jack on the flagstaff of the Spanish fort, England gained a strong foothold on the Pacific coast and became a Pacific power. The Indians knew even then something of what this simple incident meant to them, and to the visitor to Nootka to-day their descendants show with pride the two Spanish cannon with which the advent of British rule is said to have been heralded. In 1793 Alexander Mackenzie, of the North-West Fur Company, crossed the American Continent north of the Rocky Mountains, and his difficult and dangerous feat was fittingly rewarded by a knighthood.

Promotion also awaited Vancouver on his return home in 1795, but his health so failed him that he was compelled to leave the completion even of the account of his journeyings to his brother, John Vancouver, and after three years' peaceful residence at the Star and Garter Hotel at Petersham, a village adjoining the Surrey town of Richmond, he was laid to rest in company with others of the illustrious dead in the quiet country churchyard. In the fields near by, according to Forster, Charles Dickens indulged in "bar-leaping, bowling, and quoits," wrote "Nicholas Nickleby," and in later years was a frequent guest—with Thackeray, Ainsworth, and others—at Ham Manor House. The Petersham Church of Vancouver's day is said to have formed part of "the great Abbey of Chertsey," and it is pleasing to hear that the vicar of the

parish, the Rev. Mr. Oxley, proposes to preserve the building which replaced that historic edifice in 1505, and leave intact its ancient tombs and tablets. Among these tablets is that erected by Sir George Simpson, a former Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, as an enduring monument to the pioneer work which Vancouver so diplomatically completed on England's behalf.

A century has passed away; but even to-day a large part of the west coast of Vancouver Island and the seaboard northward is in very much the same condition as when England and Spain bargained for its possession. In the autumn of 1891 the British Columbia Government despatched a Commission to prepare the way for the crofter settlements which are to be established along the coast, and Mr. Alexander



CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER, R.N.

From a painting by L. Abbott, in the National Portrait Gallery.

development in recent years, and during the past summer the residents of the various cities now to be found on the Sound have vied with each other in paying respect to the memory of the first British visitor to their shores. Having completed his survey of Puget Sound, Vancouver continued his voyage northwards, surveying Burrard Inlet, Howe Sound, and other excellent natural harbours. Ere long he fell in with an advance guard of the Spanish squadron, also engaged in surveying work. Their reception of the British commander lacked nothing in courtesy. They handed him copies of their charts, and by their aid Vancouver found his way through the difficult passages round the north of Vancouver Island, and finally, on Aug. 27, reached Nootka, on the western shore, where three Spanish frigates and a brig awaited his arrival. At the entrance to the harbour he was met by a Spanish officer and a pilot who brought the *Discovery* to anchor near where his Catholic Majesty's brig *Active* was riding, bearing the broad pennant of "Señor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega Quadra, Commandant of the marine establishment of San Blas and California." As Señor Quadra lived on shore, Lieutenant Puget was sent to

acquaint him of Vancouver's arrival, and to inquire if a royal salute to the flag would be accepted. A polite reply in the affirmative was returned, and a salute of thirteen guns exchanged. Vancouver forthwith went ashore, and was received with great cordiality, Quadra returning the visit on the next day. This cordiality was happily maintained, and it was ungracious to inquire too closely into its real origin. History does not suggest that Englishman and Spaniard were very

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER.

From a sketch by Mrs. Beeton, wife of the Agent-General for British Columbia.

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Begg, the Colonisation Commissioner (whose notes have been used in the present article), records how few are the changes of the century and, alas! how few the natives. May thriving Scottish communities soon take the places they no longer fill!



St Peter's Church Petersham

IN THE CEMETERY
ADJOINING THIS CHURCH
WERE INTERRED IN THE YEAR 1798
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
CAPTAIN GEORGE VANCOUVER, R.N.
WHOSE VALUABLE AND ENTERPRISING
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY
TO THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
AND
ROUND THE WORLD
DURING FIVE YEARS OF LABORIOUS SURVEY
ADDED GREATLY
TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN
TO THE MEMORY
OF THAT CELEBRATED NAVIGATOR
THIS MONUMENTAL TABLET
IS ERECTED BY
THE HUDSONS BAY COMPANY

MARCH 1841.

A NEW RAILWAY FOR THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

The Mexican Southern Railway, which we illustrate this week, claims to rank as one of the most important features of railway enterprise in Mexico at the present day. It is the first railway in the Republic which has succeeded in crossing the western range of the Sierra Madre, the great natural wall which bars the interior of Mexico from the coast of the Pacific. It is a long link added to the chain of railway communication which will, before many years have passed, unite the northern and southern continents of America, and it is the first attempt which has been made to afford the State of

foreign enterprise to turn its resources to account. Long before the invasion of the Spaniards the ancient inhabitants of Oaxaca had reached no slight degree of civilisation. The country teems with Aztec remains of once magnificent temples, an example of which is shown in our Illustration. Constantly when a mine is opened discoveries are made of ancient headings and implements, pointing to the fact that its existence was previously known to the Aztecs, or to that even earlier race, the Toltecs. The late General Grant, ex-President of the United States, first obtained a concession for this railway in 1882; he, however, failed to carry through the enterprise, and a fresh concession for the construction of the line was granted to Mr. Rudston-Read in 1888. In May 1889 the Mexican Southern Railway, Limited, was formed under the chairmanship of the Right Hon.

A. J. Mundella, M.P., and a contract entered into with Messrs. Read and Campbell to complete the construction of the line as far as the city of Oaxaca by the end of 1894. In August 1889 the first section of the line, terminating at Tecomavaca (a distance of 139 miles), was commenced, Messrs. James Livesey and Son being the engineers to the company; two years was allowed for its completion, and in September 1891 trains were running over its entire length. The second section of the line to the city of Oaxaca was commenced in September 1890, and the work was at once vigorously attacked at several points simultaneously by, about 6000 men. In October of this year, considerably earlier than originally contemplated, the whole line was ready for traffic, and the public inauguration took place on Nov. 12 last. His Excellency General Porfirio Diaz, the liberal-minded President of Mexico, who is by birth a native of Oaxaca, performed the inaugural ceremony, and from the first has shown the keenest interest in this great enterprise, the importance of which to the Republic as well as to the State of Oaxaca he has always realised, giving all the assistance in his power to those interested in the execution of the work.

The northern terminus of the line, and the junction with the Mexican and Inter-oceanic Railways, is situated at the city of Puebla, which is second only in importance to Mexico City



WORK IN THE TOMELLIN CAÑON.

itself. From Puebla, standing 7000 ft. above the level of the sea, and distant about ninety miles south of the city of Mexico, the line descends to the boundary of the States of Puebla and Oaxaca, and thence by easy grades to Tecomavaca, which is but 1500 ft. above the sea-level. The distance is 139 miles, and the line runs mainly through a well-populated valley, very fertile in all classes of agricultural produce. In the higher parts the traveller sees barley and wheat and other products of a temperate climate, which, as he descends into the lower country, give way to the fruits and products that belong more properly to a tropical climate—cotton, sugarcane, and the like. The dress of the country people on fête-days and Sundays is gay and picturesque, the frills of the women's headdresses being especially remarkable, a good example of which is shown in our Illustration. After leaving Tecomavaca the line runs for fifteen miles along the valley of the Rio Salado, whose bed, 300 ft. wide, it twice crosses. In the rainy season the river rises to a great height, and this year the floods have been of unexampled magnitude, testing thoroughly and with the most satisfactory results the newly constructed embankments and road-bed. Here, shortly after leaving Cuicatlan, the line begins to rise, and from this point the engineering difficulties increase. The line ascends the sides of a steep and precipitous cañon, where an unusual

HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.
PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

Oaxaca the means of transport necessary for the development of its vast natural resources. When first Cortes brought to the incredulous ears of Europe the reports of the extraordinary wealth of Mexico, it was from Oaxaca that he had reaped his richest harvest, and it was from this State that he took the title of "Duke of Oaxaca." But, walled in by the double range of the Sierra Madre, and cut up by its spurs into numerous valleys teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, Oaxaca has hitherto remained practically inaccessible, awaiting the time when the steam-engine should enable



THE CITY OF OAXACA.

A NEW RAILWAY FOR THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.



TEHUANTEPECANA, A YOUNG LADY OF MEXICO.

amount of tunnel and bridge work had to be executed. Rock-work of a very heavy description was encountered, much of it of the hardest porphyry, a tunnel through which material is shown in our Illustration. This cañon, called the Tomellin

rough roads, entailing in many places considerable cutting. The railway reaches the summit of the Sierra Madre at the pass of Las Sedas, 6360 ft. above the level of the sea. The summit of the pass, shown in our Illustration, is a deep cutting executed in a hard friable formation of volcanic origin, called tepetate; this formation is easy to work and stands well with an almost perpendicular face. From the pass of Las Sedas the line descends by comparatively easy stages until it reaches the city of Oaxaca, at the head of a long and fertile valley, 5000 ft. above the sea and a distance of 228 miles from its starting-point at Puebla. Carriages can run via the National Railway from New Laredo, or via the Inter-oceanic Railway from Vera Cruz right through to Oaxaca. Our views show the carts and pack-mules which have hitherto been the only method of transportation. The pack-mules take from five to seven days completing the journey from Oaxaca to Tecomavaca, while the new railway will carry the freight in less than eight hours. A prominent feature as one approaches the city of Oaxaca is the splendid cathedral of polished marble, a monument of the period of Spanish rule. The separate sections of the line have been



OLD METHOD OF TRANSPORT: A BULLOCK-WAGON.

will have a line which eminent and impartial authorities have pronounced to be the best made and most completely furnished in Mexico, and there seems every prospect that the shareholders will find it a remunerative investment.

The last fastening which brought the track to its present termination was driven on Saturday, Oct. 22, amid guns firing,



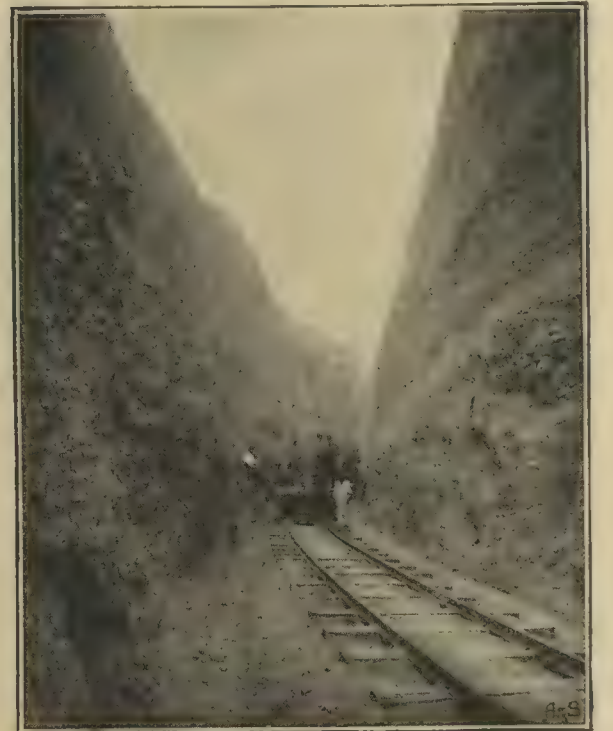
TUNNEL THROUGH PORPHYRY, TOMELLIN CAÑON.

Cañon, was perfectly inaccessible for the material and supplies required for building the line, in consequence of which it was necessary to make nearly 150 kilometres of



OAXACA CATHEDRAL.

worked as each became available for traffic, and the returns show most satisfactory results, the average cost of working being less than 60 per cent. of the gross receipts. The company



LAS SEDAS—THE SUMMIT OF THE PASS.

bands playing, flags flying, and general rejoicings, which were renewed on an extended scale on Nov. 12, when the formal inauguration took place.



AZTEC REMAINS: RUINS OF TEMPLE AT MIXTLA.



OLD METHOD OF TRANSPORT: PACK-MULES.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. Nansen's expedition to the North Pole has assumed practical shape, and that intrepid explorer, as everybody by this time knows, will set sail in June next in his ship, the *Fram*, on his way to the New Siberian Islands, by way of the Kara Sea. From these islands Dr. Nansen will proceed as far north as he can get, I suppose, and then, when his craft has become locked in the ice, he will drift with the ice into the sea between Greenland and Spitzbergen. The current, north-westerly in character, will, he supposes, carry him right across the Pole, or at least take him nearer the Pole than has yet been attained by previous explorers. The mode of voyaging is ingenious; and, arguing inductively, from the fact that floating things lost off the New Siberian Islands have been found right to the south of Greenland, having been carried thence by the currents, Dr. Nansen regards it as safe reasoning to assume that his ship will be similarly carried by the ice-pack. This ship has been specially built for him, and is of a model calculated to withstand the strain of the ice. I notice, however, that my old friend, Dr. Robert Brown, himself an experienced Arctic traveller, doubts whether Dr. Nansen's ship will stand the pressure of the ice. This is certainly the risky part of the expedition, and may vitiate Dr. Nansen's success, even if the theory of the Polar currents be quite correct. Dr. Nansen carries provisions for five or six years' use, but I observe it has been stated that, judging from the time taken for the relics of the *Jeannette* to float from the north to the south of the Polar regions, two years may find Dr. Nansen at the end of his journey. I hope this estimate may prove to be reliable. One can only wonder at and admire the pluck with which this Norwegian scientist and his crew face the prospect of the terrible life of the Polar circle; and we all wish Dr. Nansen and his friends *bon voyage*, and a safe and speedy return to boot.

I notice that a critic has been descending on what he calls "hospital manner," a phrase which implies the specially rude and flippant attitude which the house-surgeons, house-physicians, and other subordinate officials of our great hospitals are often charged with exhibiting to poor humanity which is forced to seek the aid of these great and noble institutions. Mr. J. Hutchinson, according to a medical contemporary, lately lectured the students of University College Hospital on this topic. Unless the cap fits, of course, no hospital official need take Mr. Hutchinson's remarks to heart; only it is a matter of common comment that, while out-patients are occasionally trying in the extreme, often unreasonable, and sometimes abusive, the manners of the juniors among the medical staff might also be occasionally altered and modified, much to their own advantage and future profit. My medical contemporary speaks of the average young fellow who has just graduated, and who, on his receiving a hospital appointment, throws his good-breeding to the winds and addresses the poor mortals whose sufferings he is paid to attend to and relieve as if they belonged to an entirely inferior group of the quadruped class. Poor people have their feelings—often acutely sharpened by the pinch of poverty—no less developed than their happier and wealthier neighbours; and the snob who can bully a hospital out-patient is just the man who in the presence of a paying patient will cringe in a fashion which as ill becomes the member of an honourable profession as does the exhibition of an abusive temper and overbearing ways.

I am glad this question has been raised and ventilated from the medical side of things, because criticism of a professional kind is likely to have a far greater weight than any remarks proceeding from the lay press. Let us hope junior hospital men will take the advice given them to heart, and treat their miserable, suffering, and wretched fellow-creatures with the courtesy and kindness their seniors are accustomed to exhibit. We shall then hear less of the hospital as a big experimenting shop—an idea not yet extinct even among well-informed persons.

The discussion in question reminds one of a good story told of (I think) Sir James Paget himself. If Sir James was not the hero of the tale, it will equally well illustrate the point if we presume that some other famous surgeon was the central figure in the recital. A street accident had occurred in which a man broke his leg. Passing by the great surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, bound up the leg in approved ambulance fashion, and had the man taken off to the nearest metropolitan hospital. Passing the hospital next day, it occurred to the surgeon to call for the purpose of recovering his umbrella, and he interviewed the house-surgeon to that end. The supercilious young gentleman said: "Oh! I suppose you're one of those ambulance fellows?" To this impeachment the great man pleaded guilty. "Well, I don't know anything about your umbrella, but you can go and ferret out the porter and see if he knows anything about it," added this polite youth. "Very good," replied the surgeon, "but I haven't time just at present to go in search of your porter. Perhaps, if you hear anything of my umbrella, you will be good enough to have it sent to me. Here is my card." We may imagine how the young gentleman's jaw dropped when he read the name of the famous surgeon, and when he reflected that in the exercise of his politeness he had denominated him "one of those ambulance fellows"! Such a lesson one may well believe is not readily forgotten.

"After dinner sit awhile" is a familiar saying, which is believed to derive its force from that experience of things which is worth many theories and much speculation. The corollary to this aphorism, "After supper walk a mile," is, I confess, opposed to the rest-after-dinner idea, because if rest is good after one meal, there is no reason to doubt it should assist the digestion of every meal. I suppose in the walk after supper is really implied the notion that it is a bad thing to go straight to bed after eating, and some people certainly do eat most heartily and egregiously at the supper hour. Be this as it may, I do not think anybody can reasonably controvert the assertion that to rest after food is a rule of health. Digestion is a process involving a great expenditure of our physical energy, and to take exercise just after food is simply to burn the candle of life at both ends, and to induce discomfort and illness.

Herr Rosenberg has been making experiments on a dog with a view of seeing whether or not exercise after food was prejudicial to the animal. He made a small dog do treadmill work at various periods after being fed, and determined by chemical analysis of the excretions the amount of absorption of food which had taken place. The result was that it seemed to make no difference to the dog, in the matter of food-absorption, whether it rested after dinner or worked. This, no doubt, is a correct enough reading of the experimental results; but one may very legitimately argue, in this instance, that the conditions of life in dog and man are very different. For one thing, most dogs possess a digestion I have often envied. Nothing seems to disagree with them; and it is hardly to the point to expect the nicely balanced and higher digestion of man to exhibit the hardihood seen in the commissariat arrangements of his faithful canine friend.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BERKELEY.—We have already pointed out that there is only one solution. Black's reply of B to Q 4th effectually disposes of your suggestion. For Black's next defensive move see answer to Columbus.

J. NIELD.—Further consideration of your problem only confirms our original opinion of its construction, and we must decide to reject it.

G. W. BLYTHE.—We will look at the game; the problem is of no use.

T. LAWSON.—We cannot answer by post. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Fetter Lane, are the publishers, but any bookseller ought to obtain it for you.

PERCY HEALEY.—Your problem seems sound, and shall appear shortly.

COLUMBUS.—Black replies for his second move Q to R 5th, and there is no mate.

P. G. L. F.—Your excellent problem is marked for insertion.

C. E. PERUGINI.—See reply to Columbus above.

W. BACKHOUSE.—Your problem belongs to an exhausted type of construction.

F. C. BUNDOCK.—Problem shall have attention.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—In your three-mover, after B takes Q, B takes Kt prevents mate.

E. LOUDEN.—Look at this: 1. R to B 6th, B to Kt sq; 2. B to Q 6th, R to R 2nd, and no mate follows.

PROBLEM No. 2537 cannot be solved by 1. Kt to Q 3rd, or 1. Kt to Kt 2nd, as many correspondents propose.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2522 to 2525 received from William Albutt (Ditchford, Tasmania); of No. 2526 and 2531 from B. L. Cumberland (Durban) and O. H. B. (Barkly East); of No. 2532 from T. Alex. Taylor (dubious); of No. 2534 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and Henry Buttigioni (Trieste); of No. 2535 from V. I. (Turkey), L. H. Liddington, A. W. Hamilton-Gell, J. R. Dow (Gironde), and Arthur Rademacher (Gumbinnen); of No. 2536 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), A. Sage, Pertemps (Brussels), N. Wolf (Grodno), A. W. Hamilton-Gell, A. J. Ford, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Ignoramus Mrs. T. Pokorny (Vienna), Salsaire, Charles E. Taylor, Archdeacon Hamilton (Limerick), Arnold, and Arthur Rademacher.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2537 received from T. Roberts, R. Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. H. Brooks, Alpha, C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), G. Joyce, N. Wilkins, E. E. H. Joseph Willcock (Chesster), T. T. Hythe, Martin P. W. R. Ralliem, F. J. Knight, Shadforth, T. W. Upcott, J. F. Moon, A. Newman, Jose Syder (Parada de Gonta), W. Wright, and T. P. Jennings.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2535.—By B. W. LA. MOTHE.

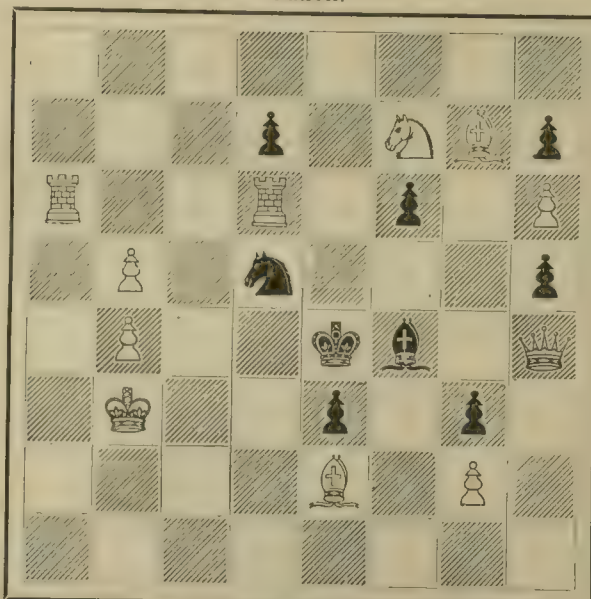
WHITE.
1. K to R sq
2. K to Kt sq
3. R mates.

BLACK.
P to B 4th
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2539.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN BRISTOL.

Game played between Mr. N. FEDDEN and Mr. T. HARRIS. (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	It is clear the Kt cannot be taken, on account of the reply B takes P (ch). White now pursues the attack most vigorously to the end.	
2. K to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd	19. Kt to K 7th (ch) K to R sq	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. B takes K R P B to K Kt 5th	
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th		
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
8. Castles	P to Q 3rd		
9. Q to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th		
10. B to K Kt 5th	Q to Q 2nd		
11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd		
12. P to Q 5th	Castles		
13. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
14. P to K 6th	P takes P		
15. P takes P	Q takes P		
16. R to K sq	Kt to K 4th		
17. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt (ch)		
18. P takes Kt	Q to R 6th		

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Mr. EVANS and Mr. H. W. CARSON. (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White cannot well take the B without serious loss, and for the moment his game appears very bad.	
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	16. K to R sq	B takes R
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. B takes Kt	Q to K 7th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes B	18. Kt to B 3rd	Q to B 8th (ch)
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	19. Kt to Kt sq	P takes B
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q takes Q B P	Castles
7. Castles	P to Q 6th	21. Q to Q 6th	Q to B 4th
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	22. R takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
9. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	23. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
10. Q to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 3rd	24. Kt to R 3rd	Q to B 4th
11. R to K sq	Kt to R 4th	25. Kt to B 4th	R to Kt sq
12. Q to R 4th	Kt takes B	26. Kt (B 4th) to R	5th (ch)
13. Q takes Kt	Kt to R 3rd	27. Kt takes R	K to R sq
14. Kt to R 4th	Q to Kt 5th	28. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
15. Kt to K 4th	B takes P (ch)	29. Kt to K 8th (ch)	K to Kt sq

From this point the game has many features of interest. It will be seen

Modern Chess Brilliance. Edited by G. H. D. Gossip. (London: Ward and Downey, York Street, Covent Garden.)—This little book purports to be a selection of the most brilliant games of modern chess, compiled by a player whose qualifications for the task no one can doubt. Questions of taste, perhaps, arise as to the title of all the games to have a place in such a collection, but the author has a right to his own opinions, and is fairly entitled to submit them to the judgment of the public. The masters represented include such names as Steinitz, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Paulsen, Pollock, Weiss, Tarrasch, Mason, Bird, and the editor himself. Another collection is also in the press and will be published before Christmas, being a translation of Dufresne's "Schachmeisterpartien" by C. T. Blanshard, M.A., F.C.S. It will contain copious notes, tables of scores, and short biographies of players, and will provide an interesting accompaniment to Mr. Gossip's book.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Slowly but surely the style of attire called "1830" is making its way. The outline of a fashionable woman's figure in this costume is a little like that of an hour-glass. She has extreme width over the shoulders, and goes narrowing off to the waist, and then spreading out to the feet. If you look at our grand-mothers' fashion-plates for the year 1830 you will see very much that outline, but there is one point of difference as yet: they had full-gathered skirts, apparently; all the way round their waists there are gathers visible. Our skirts are plain at the front and sides and go to sit as tight as possible there; then they slope so as to spread wide and yet with level grace round the foot. In order to make them do this they are stiffly lined at the bottom. A piece of buckram is used as interlining, and goes all round the foot of the skirt: it is about twelve inches deep.

This is the "bell skirt," which is the novelty accepted to take the place of the train that we refused to adopt. I suppose that all my readers are already fully persuaded of the truth that a train is not now at all in fashion for a walking dress. I am quite "set up" over the failure of the attempted introduction of that inconvenient excrescence, not only because I preached it down to the best of my ability, but far more because the refusal of it shows that women are beginning to exercise their own sense in matters of costume. We have cause to be grateful to the ladies of high social position and stylish reputation who refused all last summer to have their tailor dresses made with trains. The Princess of Wales stands at their head. Though she has been so little seen of late in society, her influence on fashion has been felt through her dressmakers, and the fact that she and her daughters kept their walking dresses a reasonable length has helped to prevent that silly fashion of trains to walk in getting a tyrannical hold in our midst. Others, too, such as the lovely Marchioness of Londonderry, appeared steadily in short tailor gowns, and the great mass of women have followed the good lead with successful results. Now we shall have to take care that the "bell skirt," which is so far amusing, novel, and not ungraceful, shall not be allowed to develop into the altogether offensive crinoline.

The wide shoulders, of course, are responsible for the wide-footed skirt. The one is the natural complement of the other—the means of keeping some resemblance to the real shape amid the vagaries of fashion. The wide sleeves and great breadth across the shoulders are already accomplished facts. No new dress should be made otherwise, or it will be speedily out of fashion. The "bell skirt," on the other hand, will be adopted slowly, since it is not easy to cut well; and the current "coronet" shape will be all right for some time to come. To get the broad outline at the shoulders, the sleeves must be cut very full at the top, but the shoulder seam long; and the fullness of the sleeve so gathered in that the top of it stands out and away from the arm, and not above it, as of old. Then the bodice should be trimmed to carry on the effect. A favourite form of trimming is a frill, very narrow at the waist, and broadening as it approaches the shoulders, over which it spreads widely; and there it is gathered enough to stand up quite high. Or there may be a yoke, with a cape-like frill round it specially full at the shoulders; under this is put an "Empire" band, so deep as nearly to reach to the edge of the frill. These descriptions do not apply to very thick tweed or other tailor dresses, which are satisfied to have a moderately full sleeve-top only—often a puff set into a coat-shaped, tight-fitting cuff. But thin serges, foulés, and yet more certainly silks, velvets, and the fine cloths used for best visiting gowns, have always the immense sleeves.

"John Strange Winter," the popular novelist, had a young friend, Miss Godfrey, married from her house the other day, and gave her both a large wedding party and the bridal dress, the latter being a very pretty specimen of the newest style. The material was rich white Duchess satin, made with a long plain train, edged by a full ruche, and no trimming on the skirt. The bodice had the enormous "1830" sleeves, and a trimming of Brussels point, the lace arranged to a narrow edge at the waist, but spreading as it went up so as to form a wide full frill over the top of the sleeves; the wrists and throat were surrounded by cunning little sprays of orange-blossom. The Archdeacon of London, who performed the ceremony, substituted an original homily of his own for the usual one at the end of the service. It was a great improvement. The clergy are at liberty to give a discourse of their own at that point, if they will take the trouble to prepare one, and all who listened to the impressive address of the Archdeacon must have wished that it were more generally the custom for the celebrant to speak from his own heart and brain, and in the language of to-day, instead of reading the banal address printed in the Book of Common Prayer. It is a solemn moment that, when two people promise their troth for long years and unknown events, and the occasion may well be used to urge on them some of the moral qualities that it behoves them to cultivate in conjugal life—and also to remind the older married people who listen of what they owe to each other. The Jewish service is pre-eminent in this respect; it reminds the bridegroom, among other things, that he is called on to work for his family, and to be faithful to his wife. The English service is so preoccupied with the wife's duty to obey the husband that it preaches little to the other party. They were apparently a less docile and gentle class than we, those ancestresses of ours who lived in the days when the service was composed; they must have been a troublesome lot to need so much suppression!

The Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Broadley Reid, representing the Women's Liberal Association—that is to say, many thousands of English women—have addressed a letter to the two Houses of the Legislature of New Zealand, congratulating them on and thanking them for the fact that they have been the first British colony to agree on women's receiving the Parliamentary vote. The matter is not yet, however, an accomplished fact, as though both Houses have accepted the Bill, they are divided in opinion as to a clause allowing ladies to use proxies in place of going to the polling booth in person.

Women will vote on the present occasion for the first time in the election of the President of the United States. This will be in Wyoming, a newly admitted State of the Union. While it was a Territory only, scattered over with a sparse population, women were admitted to its citizenship. They were also made liable to serve on juries. This latter duty was in some parts a somewhat risky one. The Chief Justice of the Territory wrote a short time ago in high praise of the conscientious courage with which the women jurors did justice without fear. The men of the Territory consented to making the constitution of their new State to continue to include the women in the Government; and accordingly, when Wyoming became a State two years ago, women became entitled to cast their votes for the President. A lady is also a J.P. there. There is an English precedent for this: Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," cites records which show that in the reign of Mary Tudor, Lady Berkeley was J.P. for Gloucestershire and Lady Rons for Suffolk.

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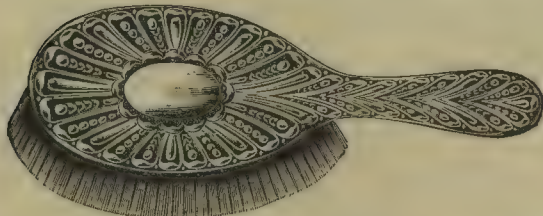
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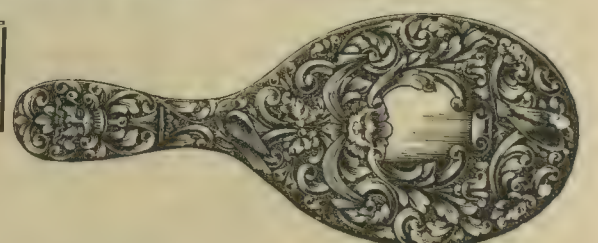
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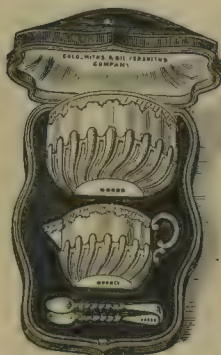
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NEW MUSIC.

The extent to which the music-publishing business has lately developed may be judged from the fact that we have lying before us for review sheet music issued, in various quantities, by no fewer than forty-six London and provincial firms. It is obviously impossible to notice a tithe of these publications. We do not pretend to do more than make a rapid selection from the best. The interesting batch sent by Novello, Ewer, and Co. includes a book of "Seven Songs" by J. Stainer, which are charmingly written, and should meet with decided acceptance. The song "Orpheus with his Lute," arranged from the trio in Edward German's music to "Henry VIII.," is exceedingly pretty; while Courtenay Thorpe's "Better for both" is an artistic and refined setting of Hugh Conway's words. "At the Sign of the Golden Bell," words by Druid Gray, music by Herbert W. Waring, has plenty of energy, and is altogether a good baritone song. Three "Lieder ohne Worte," by Ricardo Mahlig, are melodious and not too advanced for the ordinary pianoforte student; while the compositions of H. Hofmann (Nos. 53, 54, 55 of Novello's Pianoforte Albums) are perhaps more difficult, but would repay any amount of study. "Five Hundred Fugue Subjects and Answers," by Arthur W. Marchant, "The Art of Training Choir Boys," by George C. Martin, and "Analysis of Form," by H. A. Harding, all of which belong to the series of Music Primers, are exceedingly instructive and carefully written. Violinists will welcome J. Müller's eight "Forest Pieces," and Ethel M. Boyce's "Eight Pieces" (Nos. 25 and 26 of Novello's Albums for Violin and Pianoforte), which are effective and moderately easy.

From Chappell and Co. we have a dainty little song by Guy d'Hardelot, words by F. E. Weatherly, entitled "Love, Lock and Key"; a quaint ballad, "Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay," by Edwin D. Lloyds, with words by Shenstone; and a passionate, effective ballad, entitled "If thy Love," words by E. Harold Begbie, music by H. Trotter.

A new edition of Nava's "Studies for the Voice," edited and revised by Henry Blower, comes from G. Ricordi and Co., the value of which speaks for itself. F. Paolo Tosti's latest effort, "My Memories," words by Clifton Bingham, is graceful, and certainly the kind of song that is popular. A really beautiful song is "The river speeds to the sea," by G. Sala. Arthur Chapman's words are extremely pretty. In "Summer Dreams," by G. d'Havet Zuccardi, there is plenty of stirring melody and refined treatment, and Charles Rowe's nice verses have received full justice. A couple of pieces for violin, by A. Simonetti, entitled "Berceuse" and "Danse Villageoise," should not be passed by without a special word of praise. They are well written and tuneful.

Of the latest publications from Boosey and Co. let mention be made of Frederick Bevan's song, "But one" (words by F. E. Weatherly), which is pleasing, and evidently written to suit the popular taste. A bright, showy little composition is "The Lark," words by G. Hubi Newcombe, music by Franco Leoni. "Love the Conqueror" is a good song, somewhat marred by a commonplace refrain; the words are by Lorna and the music by Franz Morgan. A simple song is "A wee little woman of four," with charming words by Arthur Chapman and pretty music by J. M. Capel.

"A Chorister's Singing Method," by Dr. H. Keeton, first attracts attention amid the new pieces from Robert Cocks and Co. This book is intended to teach boys to read music at sight as quickly as possible, and certainly fulfils its purpose

most admirably. A new song by Sebastian B. Schlesinger, entitled "Love lives on," words by Ellis Walton, is full of a tender simplicity and charm. Lawrence Kellie's many admirers will welcome "I had a flower" and "My fairest child," both of which are marked by unconventionality of treatment and attractiveness of style. Some good organ pieces by James Shaw, and a "Rondo Pastorale" for cello and piano by John W. Ivimey, also command a word of praise.

Among Metzler and Co.'s latest publications we find two songs well worthy of recommendation. "Fettered by Fate," by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone and Lawrence Kellie, is pretty, and so is "Come back to me," by Ashmore Russan and E. T. de Mattos. A suite of melodies from "L'Enfant Prodigue" for violin and piano, an effective "Duetto" for violin and cello by Edmond Depret, and a clever organ piece entitled "Light in Darkness," by F. W. Cowen, should meet with approval.

From Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. we have five or six highly artistic and charming songs by L. Heritte Viardot, the best of which is "Revenge," a dramatic baritone song. A book of "Sketches," for piano, by Edward W. Hamilton, contains some elegant and well-written drawing-room pieces. Among the songs sent from E. Ascherberg and Co., perhaps the prettiest is "Mine all," words by Arthur Chapman, music by Arthur Hervey. The melody is sympathetic and the accompaniment effective. A couple of graceful vocal pieces by Otto Cantor come from W. Morley and Co. "When roses bloom again" (words by R. S. Hichens) is sure to please, and "So sweet a dream" is decidedly pretty. C. Francis Lloyd's two songs "My liege Lady" (words by Augusta Hancock) and "Songs and Singers" (words by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone) are attractive, while Howard Talbot's "Dream of Spring," from the same firm, is equally acceptable.

Charles Willeby's songs are invariably artistic and well written. His latest efforts are published by Charles Woolhouse, and are entitled "A Syrian Love-Song" and "Wake not, but hear me." Of the two we prefer the former, but both are melodious, and have pretty words by Lew Wallace. From this firm we also notice a charming piece for cello and piano, entitled "Cantilena," by W. Noel Johnson. A song with plenty of "go" is "The Sleigh-Drive," published by Charles Tuckwood; the words by A. Horspool and music by Edward St. Quentin are equally good. Lovers of songs with waltz refrains will like Oscar Verne's "Why do I love thee."

A well-arranged "Musical Drill Book" reaches us from Joseph Williams, and also a pretty song by P. de Faye, entitled "Mine away" (words by Byron Webber), which has a taking refrain. An "Album" containing three pieces for piano by Granville Bantock cannot be too highly recommended. It is published by the London Music Publishing Company, from whom we also have a charming song by Anton Strelezki, entitled "Go, lovely rose," and an excellent book of "Scales and Arpeggios" for piano by H. R. Evers and F. Davenport. A plunge into the batch sent by J. and J. Hopkinson brings forth two elegant songs by Gerard J. Cobb, one, "The Scent of the Lilies," being an extremely attractive setting of some lovely lines by Arthur Rigby. "Was it all a dream?" is a well-written song by Arthur Somervell and it has a violin obbligato. Joseph L. Roeckel's vocal duet, "The sweetest dream" (words by Clifton Bingham), is a welcome addition to this class of music, and "Thine eyes," words by William Leighton, music by Gilbert A. Alcock, should find favour with bass singers.

From C. Jeffreys and Son we like very much a song by Frances Allitsen, entitled "How I know," with pretty words

by Eugene Field. A bright ditty is "Like a Soldier," by F. E. Weatherly and F. W. Holland; while "Queen of Night," by Seymour Smith, makes an effective and moderately easy morceau de salon. From Forsyth Brothers we have a showy and effective song by Egidio Campione, entitled "O Eyes of Love," and a "Romance" for violin and piano by Charles H. Fogg, also attracts attention. Of the pieces sent from the firm of Doremi and Co. we select "Sigh not, dear heart," words by Royston Keith, music by Reginald Somerville; "Beneath her window," words by Martin Daveley, music by T. A. Kelley (both pretty songs); and "Two Short Pieces," for piano, by B. Palmieri, as being specially worthy of notice, though J. C. Beazley's intermezzo "La Joyeuse" is also well written and effective. Pianoforte teachers will do well to note the admirable school series published by F. Wickins and Co. Each book contains a number of pieces by the best composers, and is remarkable value for a shilling. The "Grosvenor College Albums" are equally good, and No. 33, containing pieces in C for little players, is altogether an excellent notion.

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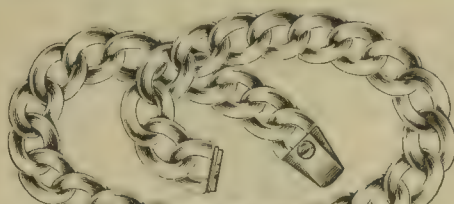
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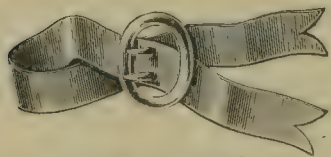
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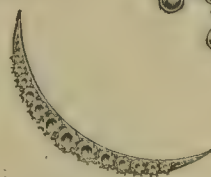
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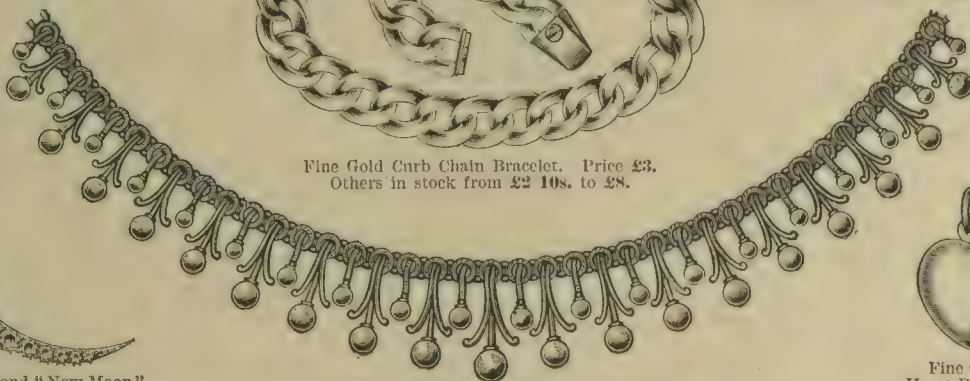
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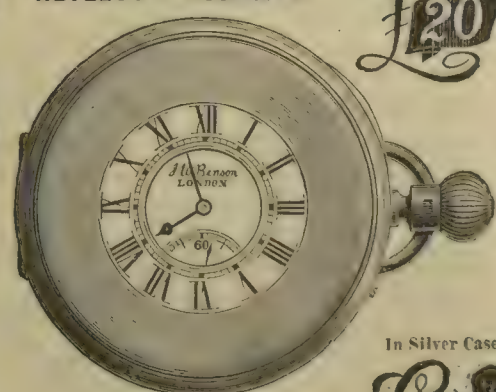
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son, Friedrich Gustav Sturmer; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his sister, Mary Elizabeth Pellew.

The will (dated July 26, 1873) of Miss Louisa Frances Antoinette Forbes, late of 58, Eaton Square, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Nov. 7 by the Misses Charlotte Harriet and Katharine Louisa Forbes, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testatrix gives, devises, and bequeaths all her real and personal estate equally between her said two sisters.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Godfrey Thornton, J.P., retired Grenadier Guards, late of St. John's Muggerhanger, Bedfordshire, who died on Sept. 29 at West Brighton, was proved on Nov. 12 by Arthur Stephen Thornton, the brother, and Edward Brooke Thornton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1703.

THE WILL OF AN EDINBURGH PUBLISHER.

The trust disposition and settlement (dated April 15, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1892), of the late Mr. Thomas Nelson, publisher, Edinburgh, residing at St. Leonard's, Dalkeith Road, was registered at Edinburgh on Nov. 7. His wife, Mrs. Janet or Jessie Kemp or Nelson, William White Millar, George Watson, Robert Y. McEwen, and his nephew, George Mackenzie Brown, are nominated the trustees thereof. The testator directs his trustees to set aside £50,000, free of legacy duty, and to apply the same in the erection, furnishing, maintenance, and management of shelter-halls in poor districts in Edinburgh, such as the Canongate, the Pleasance, the High Street, and the Cowgate or Grassmarket; the buildings to be without any attempt at architectural display, and to be one-storey, comfortable buildings, on the model of the large folding-room at Parkside Works belonging to him, and to be used as places to which persons of the working class and others can go to sit, read, write, converse, and otherwise occupy themselves; and he gives his trustees the most ample discretion to acquire sites for, and to build and furnish such shelter-halls, to invest part of the fund for the purpose of

providing an annual income for their maintenance, and from time to time to make regulations for their management. Should it any time appear that these halls, or any of them, are not serving a useful and beneficial purpose, the trustees may, after consultation with Dr. Alexander Hugh Freeland Barbour, dispose of them and apply the money in such other benevolent or charitable purposes as they and Dr. Barbour shall approve and think advisable. He declares also that it shall be lawful for his trustees to hand over the said halls and the funds invested for their maintenance and management to the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council of the city of Edinburgh, and their successors in office, in order that they may manage and administer the said halls upon such terms and conditions as his trustees shall think it right to make and arrange with the said Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council.

The trustees are also directed to pay £10,000 to the Free Church of Scotland, one half for the Sustentation Fund, and the other half for the Home and Foreign Missions of the said Church; £5000 to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; £1000 each to the National Bible Society of Scotland and the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society; £250 each to the Edinburgh Sabbath Free Breakfast Mission and the Edinburgh Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick; £200 to the Edinburgh Association for Incurables; and £100 each to the Royal Blind Asylum and School (Edinburgh), the Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Benevolent Society, the Institution for the Relief of Incurables at their Own Homes (Edinburgh), the Carrubers Close Mission (Edinburgh), the Edinburgh City Mission, and the Fund for the Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen in Scotland, all free of legacy duty.

The other testamentary dispositions of the deceased are as follows: £5000 per annum to his wife, but in the event of her entering into a second marriage the annual payment to her is to be restricted to £2500. These sums are to be inclusive of, and not in addition to, the £600 secured to her under their contract of marriage. She is also to have the use, for life, of his house, St. Leonard's; £50,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, for life, and then for their descendants as they shall appoint, but with power to confer upon any husbands who may survive them the income of £10,000; £50,000 to each

of his sons, payable on their respectively attaining twenty-five; £20,000 each to his sisters Mrs. Anne Brown, Mrs. Margaret Adams, and Miss Jessie Nelson; £20,000, upon trust, for his brother James Nelson for life, and then for his said three sisters equally; £2000 each to his nieces and nephew, Mrs. Mary Evelyn Annandale, Mrs. Catherine Florence Macleod, Miss Meta Edith Nelson, Miss Alice Maud Nelson, and William Frederick Inglis Nelson, the children of his late brother, William Nelson; £2000 to Mrs. Catherine Nelson, the widow of his said late brother; and £250 each to George Watson and Robert F. McEwen if they shall accept the office of trustee. The rest, residue, and remainder of his whole means, estate, and effects, heritable and movable, real and personal, of whatsoever nature or denomination and wheresoever situated, is to be held for his sons equally, and to be paid to them on their respectively attaining the age of twenty-five years.

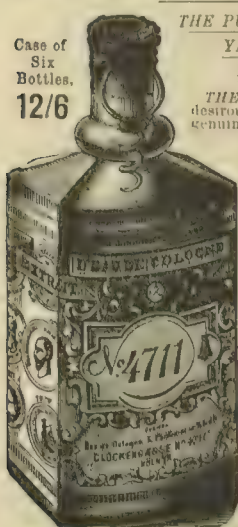
Full powers are given to the trustees, if he has not formed one in his lifetime, to form a joint-stock company, limited, for the purpose of taking over and carrying on the publishing business of Thomas Nelson and Sons, of Edinburgh, London, and New York, which belonged exclusively to the deceased, and upon the younger of his two sons attaining the age of twenty-five years the trustees are to transfer to them, equally, the shares, debentures, and mortgages of the said company, which they shall then hold, in so far as they may not be required to provide the annuity for his wife.

A meeting of delegates from boards of guardians, vestries, and district boards of works in London was held on Nov. 22 at the Westminster Townhall to consider the immigration of destitute foreigners. Mr. H. M. Bowman Spink presided, and Mr. C. R. Offen, of Hackney, moved the principal resolution. This was to the effect that the immigration of destitute foreigners should be restricted and placed under judicious regulations. There were only three dissentient votes. The meeting represented districts with a population of 2,445,000, and a rateable annual value of £19,664,000. A deputation was to go to the President of the Local Government Board.

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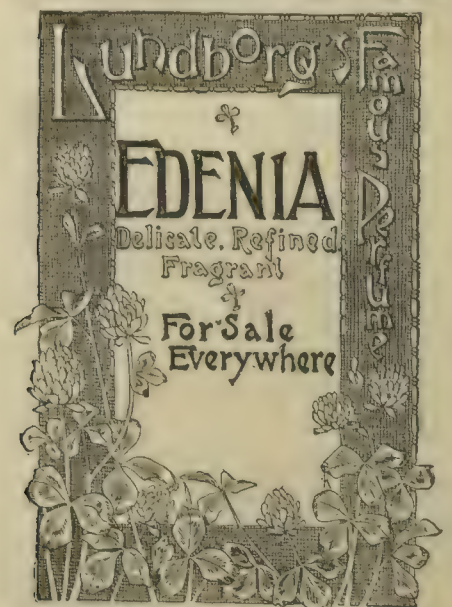
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You have my permission to publish this.

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From M. COQUELIN aîné,
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I have used your Pastilles with great benefit to myself. Please, therefore, send me a few more cases.

You are at liberty to publish these few lines.

Yours very truly,

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MUSIC.

An American newspaper published in Paris took upon itself the other day to assert that the autumn opera season at Covent Garden had been a failure. The statement was copied into several of the Italian papers, with the additional use of the unpleasant word "fiasco," and of course the news was forthwith spread over Continental artistic circles generally. Now, it may interest our readers in those parts to learn that the report alluded to was absolutely false, and that, as a matter of fact, the season just ended has been the most successful yet given during the autumn months under Sir Augustus Harris's direction. It did not close until after a duration of seven weeks, which is quite up to the average for this time of the year, and it is being followed by some supplementary performances, which may very likely go on intermittently all through the winter. There is not much evidence of failure in this, and anyone who has had occasion to attend regularly on the nights that Mascagni's operas have been given, or when Madame Melba has sung, could see for himself by the crowds at the box-office and in the theatre that business was in a flourishing state. The matter is hardly worth dwelling upon, but inasmuch as the Paris statement was deliberately made it may as well have a deliberate contradiction.

There was positively not a single feature of novelty to afford food for comment in reference to the performance of Berlioz's "Faust" given by the Royal Choral Society on Nov. 23. The soloists—Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Grice, and Mr. Henschel—had more or less frequently fulfilled the same task at the Albert Hall before; and the band and chorus not only repeated its bygone triumphs in Berlioz's dramatic legend, but made all the old "points" with machine-like certainty of execution and effect. To such perfection has Sir Joseph Barnby trained his forces that a solitary full rehearsal suffices to put all the requisite polish upon the rendering of a work, no matter how great its difficulty, after

it has once been fairly placed in the repertory. In Dvorák's "Requiem" and Berlioz's "Faust," the only compositions so far given during the current season, we have had striking proof of this.

An extremely interesting programme was provided at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of Nov. 26. It began with Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" (with Wagner's ending), while from the same composer's "Orfeo" were given the dances of the blessed spirits in the Elysian Fields and "Che farò," the latter being sung by Mdle. Giulia Ravogli with so much charm and feeling that an encore was inevitable. The popular contralto also gave with great brilliancy the florid air, "Non più di fiori," from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito." Miss Adeline de Lara, whose talents we have had frequent occasion to note, did not attempt a "reading" in her performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, but was content with a quiet, neat, and artistic execution of the passages allotted to the pianoforte solo. Her reverence and self-abnegation were rewarded by hearty applause. The symphony of the day was Schumann's fine work in C—magnificently performed under the direction of Mr. Manns—and the scheme further included a symphonic poem, "The Passing of Beatrice," from the pen of a rising young Scotch composer, Mr. William Wallace. The novelty betrayed a strong leaning towards Wagner, alike in the character of the themes and the nature of the orchestral treatment. Nevertheless, it made a favourable impression, and Mr. Wallace was called to the platform at the close.

Since we last noticed the doings at the "Pops," Mr. Chappell has given the first set of the "Liebeslieder-Walzer" of Brahms, which had not been heard at these concerts for over ten years. The vocal parts were admirably interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Mdle. Agnes Janson, and Mr. W. Shakespeare, and the pianoforte accompaniment for four hands was ably played by Messrs. Leonard Borwick and Henry Bird. The former executant was the soloist on Saturday, Nov. 26, when he gave a refined and masterly rendering of Schumann's

"Carnaval," besides uniting with Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti in the revised edition of Brahms's trio in B major, Op. 8. On the following Monday, Dvorák's beautiful quartet in E flat, Op. 51, headed the scheme. It was faultlessly played by Lady Hallé, MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, the lovely "Dumka" (Elegy) in particular creating a profound effect. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist on this occasion, and fully maintained her reputation alike in Mendelssohn's B minor prelude and fugue, Op. 35, and in the duet works by Brahms and Chopin, wherein she had as coadjutors Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti respectively. Indeed, the performance of Brahms's sonata for piano and violin in D minor, Op. 108, was as fine as any we have ever heard. At the same concert Miss Nancy McIntosh, who owns a powerful and well-trained soprano voice, made her second appearance, and sang Massenet's "Sérénade de Zanetto" and Henschel's "My Love is like the red, red rose," with welcome refinement and intelligence, pleasing so well in the latter song that she was compelled to repeat it. In Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade" the youthful vocalist was not quite so successful.

The revival of "Dorothy" at the Trafalgar Square Theatre is much more likely to bring fortune to the new house than Mr. Levenston's initial production, "The Wedding Eve." It is true that the late Alfred Cellier's charming comic opera had run nearly a thousand nights before its last removal from the London boards; but that is by no means a proof that its "drawing" power had been exhausted. "Dorothy" is capably mounted in its new home, and the title-role has a fascinating exponent in Miss Decima Moore, who begins to act as well as she sings, and that is saying much. Miss Florence Dysart, Miss Carr Shaw, Mr. Furneaux Cook, and Mr. Le Hay fill their original parts with undiminished ability, while the other characters are in at least efficient hands. The revival has been carefully rehearsed under the skilful guidance of Mr. Ernest Ford, the conductor at this theatre, and to him the credit of the success is in no small measure due.

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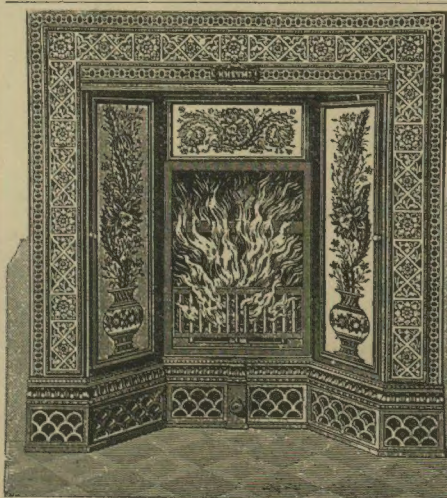
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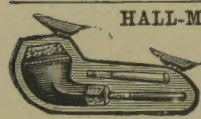
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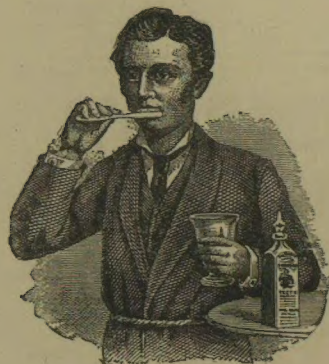
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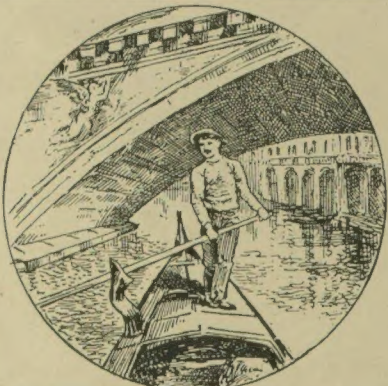
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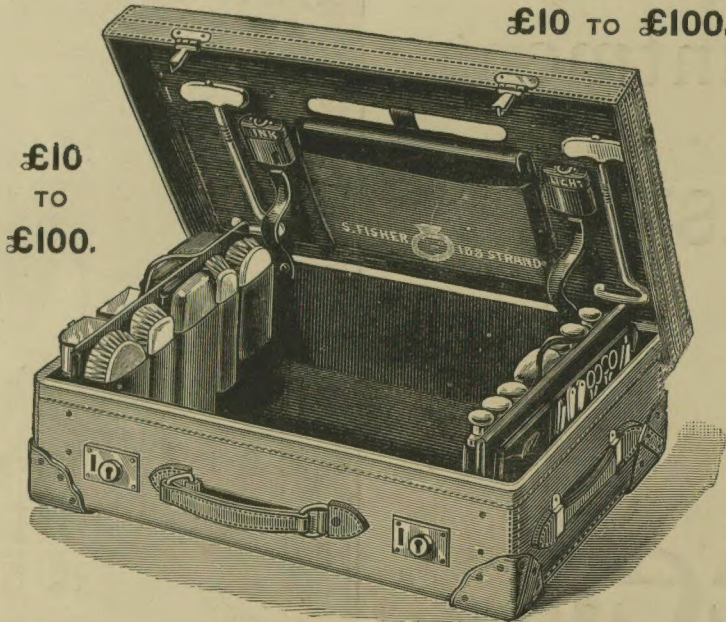
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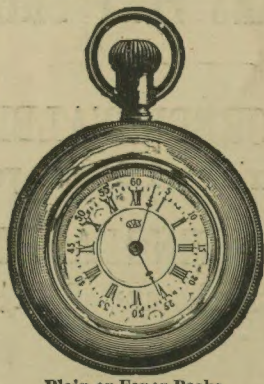
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